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PENTHOUSE

LETTERS

27 SEXY SIRENS

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SECRET STORIES

LETTER OF THE MONTH

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WOMAN
WATCHES.

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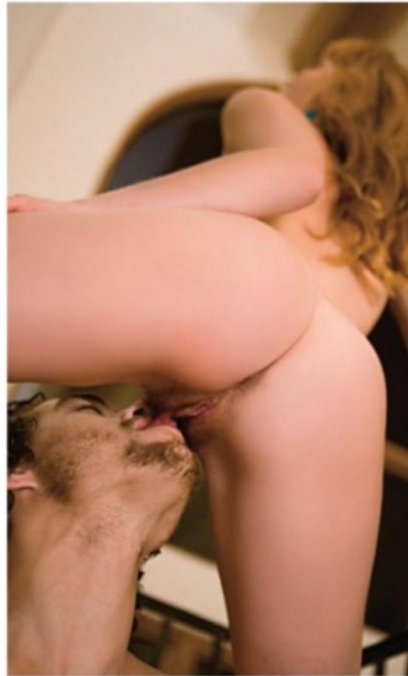
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SALUTATIONS

So Glad We Could Help!

It's always nice when new readers of Penthouse Letters share their love of the magazine. Welcome, and thank you! Many times you tell us how much Letters has helped your sex lives, and we're delighted that we could help! Every time we get a letter from a reader sharing a randy adventure that wouldn't have happened had it not been for Penthouse Letters, that truly makes us smile.

As always, whether you're a loyal reader from way back or a newcomer, we'd love to hear about your lusty hookups and naughty rendezvous—the dirtier, the better! There's a special thrill in rereading the story of one's tryst in the sizzling pages of this magazine; somehow the thought of others sharing in the dirty dalliance makes it that much hotter! So share with us and share with others. Share, share, share!

Once again we call your attention to other hot treats you can enjoy, starting with our sister magazine *Variations*' April issue, in which threesomes are taken to a whole other level. As we always say, two's company but three's a party, and when *Variations*, your chronicle of kink, has a tale to tell, watch out! Get the April *Variations* now at a newsstand near you.

In addition, those who are into unconventional modes of play, like the submissive-dominant kind, will want to know about a new book from Cleis: *Penthouse Variations on Kink*. It contains a plethora of stories from explorers of the sexual beyond. Get your copy today at a bookstore near you.

So, new readers and veterans alike, turn the page and let the fun begin!—Kathy Cavanaugh, Senior Managing Editor





LETTERS



On this camping trip she made it with three men, plus her husband

On a pleasant Thursday afternoon, my husband Nate and I set out with three other couples we knew for a long weekend of camping and water skiing up at the lake.

We found a good campsite not far from the water and unloaded our campers. The men then went to the marina to rent the boats and equipment, while we women got dinner ready. After we ate we all sat around the fire, talking and drinking until late in the night. I felt a little secret tingle, due to the fact that I had been intimate with three of the four men in our group, the only exception being Gary. Their wives didn't know, of course, though my husband did. Our marriage was quite open—at least on my side—and the more I fucked around, the more Nate liked it.

We had not neglected to bring along some liquid refreshment, and pretty soon I noticed that everybody seemed to be feeling pretty relaxed and was cuddling amorously with his or her spouse. Lisa and Sam were the first to bid us all good night and disappear into their camper. Before long we could hear the muffled creaking of their camper bed. Nothing was said, but it wasn't long before Gwen and Alan said they were turning in too. I knew from experience that both Lisa and Gwen would



be receiving about seven inches of cock that night—as would I.

Gary and Holly grinned at us, and Holly said, "I think we all have the same thing on our minds tonight. Let's douse the fire and call it a day." We cleaned up and said good night, and as Nate and I went into our camper we noticed that Gwen and Alan's was already rocking gently.

It was only a matter of minutes before Nate was

slipping his highly aroused erection up my hot slippery snatch. We made love slowly and leisurely, whispering naughty little things to each other while we fucked. Nate asked me if I thought any of the guys would hit on me this weekend. I felt his cock jerk inside me a couple of times when I said that Sam had already copped a feel just before dinner.

"What about Gary?" Nate whispered. "You haven't

done him yet, right? You know I saw his dick when we were pissing earlier, and it looks longer flaccid than mine does hard. It's a lot thicker too, so I know you'd like it."

I told him I hadn't had a really big one for a long time, and that as he knew, I was always open to that, so I would be glad to fuck Gary if I got the chance. With that, Nate humped me harder, getting us both off within seconds.

Nate woke me as the sun rose the next morning, and we started the day off with a bang, as we usually do when we wake up together.

When we emerged from our camper we joined the others in wolfing down a hearty breakfast. Then the guys went off to fish for awhile, while we girls sat in the shade, talking and drinking Bloody Marys. We were soon exchanging bedtime stories about the night before, and I got teased about having had noisy early-morning sex as well. I told them it was very simple: when Nate wanted sex, I give it to him. Which was no problem, as I usually wanted it too. The others all said their husband's got it when they felt like putting out. I couldn't help but think to myself that was why I had so many married men hitting on me.

We had lunch ready when the guys came back, and afterwards we all went water skiing.

I have red hair and very fair skin, and I burn easily if I am exposed to the sun for

too long. I put a long-sleeved blouse over my bikini, with long pants and a floppy hat, stripping down only to ski. Still, I did not want to stay out there too long, so after an hour or so I said I'd better get back to the campsite.

Alan then said that he wasn't feeling all that well, so he was going to go back and lie down. It was decided that Alan and I would take one of the boats back while the others kept skiing.

As I suspected, when we got back on shore, the only place Alan wanted to lie down was on top of me. He had just finished screwing me for the third time when we heard the others coming back, but he got to his own trailer in plenty of time.

After dinner I volunteered to go gather up some wood, and Sam quickly said he'd help me. As soon as we were hidden from the campsite by some trees, Sam put his hand on my ass and asked me if I felt like a quick one. I just turned my back, lowered my shorts and panties and then leaned against a tree, saying, "Just stick it in, baby, I've had wet panties all afternoon." He entered me easily, aided by Alan's semen serving as lubricant. It was a quick but satisfying 90-second fuck.

Back at the campsite the drinks were flowing freely and everyone seemed to be having a good time. Then, around 10 o'clock, Holly and I met at the cooler as we both went to get our husbands some beer. I saw

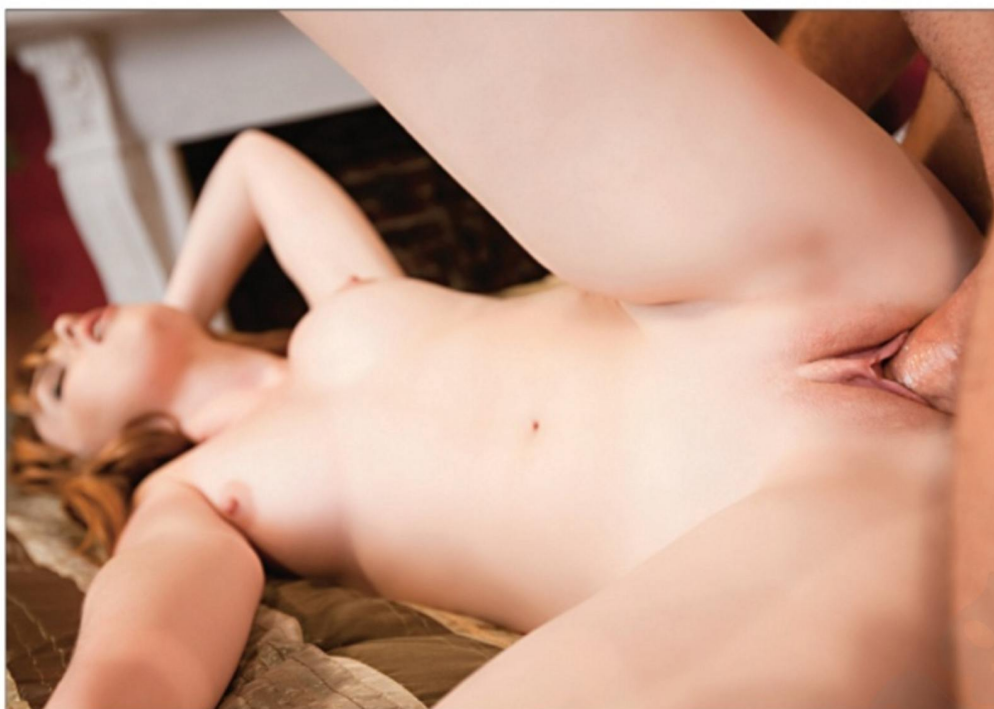
that she looked pale, and she told me she wasn't feeling well. "Oh my God, I think I had too much to drink," she said weakly. "Please just help me get to our camper, Jan, okay?"

As we got near the

enough so that I could sneak out later and meet him down by the boats. My heart started beating faster, but I kept calm and asked him why I would do that. "Well," he said, "I have something to show you that

Nate said that in that case he'd better get a little of what everybody else was getting.

I quickly got naked and climbed into bed, to find Nate waiting with a hard-on. He embraced me and



camper I called out to Gary, who was there in a flash. We both helped Holly inside and onto the bed, where she soon conked out.

After that I started to leave, but as I got outside the camper Gary came out after me. "Hey, thank you for helping her, Jan," he said. "You're a life saver!"

I told him it was nothing, and that all she needed was to sleep it off. Then, lowering his voice, he asked me if Nate slept soundly

I'm pretty sure you'll like."

I smiled at him then and told him I'd think about it. Then I quickly rejoined the others around the fire.

Everybody was ready to turn in about an hour later, so the guys put out the fire and we all bade each other good night. Once in our trailer, I told Nate that Gary had asked me to meet him by the boats after everybody was asleep. I also told him about screwing Alan and Sam earlier that day.

kissed me avidly as he reached to feel my cunt. Finding it hot and well buttered, he mounted me and buried his cock in me with one quick stroke before our lips parted.

Nate loves nothing better than getting sloppy seconds, or in this case thirds. He likes to fuck me slow and easy at those times, so now he screwed me for a good 20 minutes, giving me a lovely orgasm before he cried out while jetting spurts

PENTHOUSE Letters

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of come into my pussy.

Fifteen minutes later I slipped quietly down to the boats, wearing only my drenched panties and a short terrycloth robe that zipped up the front. Gary was leaning against one of the boats. The moonlight was surprisingly bright, and I could see him clearly as he came to meet me. He reached out to grasp both my hands, saying, "Hey, I'm so glad you came down, Jan."

I asked if he realized how much trouble we would be in if we got caught. Of course he didn't know about my open marriage, and I preferred to keep it that way—It adds an extra touch of piquancy if the man thinks he's cuckolding some other guy. Gary said that everyone was all worn out from the day's activities, and with that and the booze they were all going to sleep like babies until the sun came up.

I then asked him what he had wanted to show me, that I had to sneak down there to see. For answer he pulled me closer, placing my hands on his crotch. I could feel his straining erection through his shorts. Damn, it was long, and as thick as a large cucumber!

"Well, I can feel it," I said, "but I still can't see it." Without a second's hesitation he undid his fly, and his cock sprang into my hands.

God, how I love big cocks! It was over eight inches long and about as thick as a long-neck beer bottle. It was both rock-hard

and somehow soft to the touch, with warm slippery precome oozing from the tip. As I grasped that boner he brought his lips to mine, and his tongue probed deep into my mouth. I kissed him back as I continued to check out his package. Then I drew back, saying, "Oh God, Gary, what are we doing?"

He began kissing my neck and ear, whispering, "We are doing what two adults do when they are sexually attracted to each other." His hands were unzipping my robe and fondling my full breasts. Thoughtfully, he had brought a blanket with him, and he now spread it out and eased me down onto it. The fine loose sand underneath was comfortable enough for what was on our minds.

Gary now ripped off the few clothes he had on and dropped to his knees, reaching for my panties. He eased them down and off, and I felt a moment of panic when he lowered his head between my thighs, burying his face in my recently fucked, come-filled pussy. But he either didn't care or didn't realize why it was so wet and slippery down there. The man was a master, eating me out as well as my husband, who is the best there is. He got me off beautifully, sending waves of pleasure flooding over my body.

After allowing me a few moments to ride out my orgasm he slipped up into the cradle of my thighs

aligning his cock with my eager entrance. "Please be gentle with me, Gary," I whispered. "Your cock is so much bigger than I'm used to, but if Holly can take it I sure want to try!"

I felt a pleasurable pressure on my labia as he eased his huge oozing cockhead through the mouth of my love chamber. Pausing to allow me to become acclimated to his size, he quietly asked if I was okay. "Oh yes," I moaned. "Oh God, yes. Please give me more, Gary. Give me all of it!"

He clutched my breasts gently as he slowly worked himself in a little at a time, until I felt his hot sweaty balls against my asshole. We lay that way for a full minute before beginning to move together in nature's oldest dance. He moved his hands down to my butt, grasping both cheeks and pulling my body up to meet his thrusts, my firm breasts crushing against his chest.

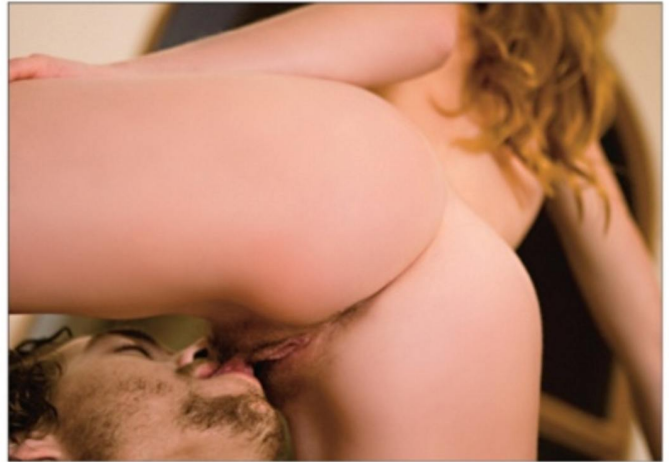
He lasted longer than most men did when they fucked me for the first time, finally bringing us both to orgasm simultaneously. My cunt convulsed around his massive organ as he spurted his semen deep inside me.

He collapsed on top of me, gasping for breath. "My God!" he said then. "That is without a doubt the best sex I've ever had! Christ, Jan, you get so wet down there! You must have been as turned on as I was."

"Well, my pussy loves to be fucked, Gary," I told him.

"Especially by a huge dick like yours." I turned my face to him and gave him a long, passionate kiss. "You want to do it again?" I said.

"Oh, damn you, lady, you're getting me hard again already!" he gasped. And he was right—I could feel his cock stirring and growing inside my pussy. This time he must have fucked me for 30 minutes before he got off again. I climaxed twice more before he did, the second time actually ejaculating around



his wildly plunging cock.

After that I said I'd better get back before Nate woke up and found me missing. "Damn, Nate is one lucky guy," Gary said as he reluctantly got off me. "You are the best piece of ass a man could ask for."

I thanked him and told him to give me a call at

"Please be gentle with me, Gary," I whispered. "Your cock is so much bigger than I'm used to, but if Holly can take it I sure want to try!"

LETTERS

work the next week, so we could arrange to meet somewhere more private and I could really fuck his eyes out.

A few minutes later my husband was sinking his raging hard-on into my sloppy snatch saying, "God, I love you, baby! Damn, Gary must have left about a quart of come inside you!" Nate was happy as a pig in shit, and so was I.

Gary became an occasional lover for years after that, and I also continued to screw Alan and Sam from time to time. None of them ever knew that my husband knew everything, and that every time they put their cocks inside me they were helping to prepare me for him. So everybody was happy with the situation—especially me.—*Name and address withheld*

She hadn't been with another woman since college. But now. . .

I am a married woman of 26, working as a legal assistant for a large law firm. Last week I was asked to go out of town on a business trip with a lawyer named Trish, with whom I had been working on a big case. Trish is in her early 40s, but still has a great figure, with big breasts and a nice round ass. She tends to wear short skirts and blouses that show plenty of cleavage.

On this trip she seemed to dress even more provocatively than usual, perhaps in an attempt to beguile the

people we were meeting with. When we sat down with them her skirt tended to ride up, exposing the tops of her sexy thigh-high stockings.

Whether that contributed to the success of our negotiations or not I don't know, but we managed to conclude our business satisfactorily a day earlier than planned, and to celebrate we went to dinner at an expensive restaurant. We both had several drinks, and by the time we got back to the hotel I had a pretty good buzz going.

Trish said she had a bottle of champagne on ice in her room, and asked if I'd like to join her. I always get horny when I drink, and all I really wanted just then was go to bed with my favorite dildo. But out of politeness I felt bound to accept her invitation.

Inside her room, Trish asked me to open the champagne while she went to the bathroom. When she came out all she had on was a skimpy red lace bra, matching panties and those sexy black thigh-highs. As I stared at her, she walked right up to me and kissed me, pushing her soft tongue into my mouth while reaching down to cup my ass.

My shock lasted only a moment before my body responded. I reached around to clutch her ass in return as our tongues twisted together. She unbuttoned my blouse and took it off, then pushed my skirt down. Now I was in just my bra, panties and garter belt



and stockings.

Trish then asked me if I'd ever been with another woman before. I told her I had, but not since college, and she kissed me again. We sat on the bed and sipped champagne while we continued to kiss, and pretty soon my pussy was on fire.

As we poured out the last of the champagne, Trish raised her glass, saying, "Here's to a successful day and an even more pleasurable night." When we had emptied our glasses she laid me back on the bed and smiled at me. "Oh, Joanie," she murmured, "you look so sexy lying there, I just have to see more."

She undid the clasp at the front of my bra, freeing my tits, then bent down to suck each of my hard pink nipples, causing me to moan softly. She then slowly pulled my panties down, exposing my clean-shaven pussy. "Oh baby, you're so wet!" she whispered. She carefully spread my legs and put her face between them, licking the flesh above my stocking up to my crotch, then skipping over my pussy and licking down the other side. She repeated this several times, until I was begging her to lick my vagina.

Finally she ran her soft tongue over my pussy, sending a shiver down my spine. I could already feel an orgasm building deep inside me. I gasped when she flicked my swollen clit with her tongue. "Oh Trish,



that feels so good, baby!" I moaned.

She sucked my clit into her mouth, flicking it with her tongue as I felt her easing a couple of fingers into my tight juicy cunt. I was so close to coming now, I begged her not to stop. Then I felt my body begin to shake as my orgasm erupted. "Oh, that's it, baby, I'm coming!" I cried. "Oh yes, I'm coming!"

Once I calmed down I pulled Trish up and kissed her, tasting my juices on her mouth and tongue. I then rolled us over so that I was on top. "My turn," I told her.

With that I unhooked her bra, letting her big tits spill out. Her nipples were so long and hard they looked almost like tiny dicks, which I was more than happy to suck on.

"As I moved between her thighs, she said, 'Darling, I've wanted to feel your tongue on my pussy ever since we started working together'"

I reached between her spread legs to find her panties soaked with her juices. I pulled her sexy panties down and saw that her pussy was also nice and smooth. As I moved down between her thighs she said, "Oh darling, I've wanted to feel your tongue on my pussy since we started working together."

I proceeded to lick and suck her throbbing clit as I plunged two fingers into her

snug wet pussy, moving them in and out. When she started to moan as though she was going to come, I slid another finger into her tight ass. After only a few minutes her body stiffened and she cried out in climax. At that point I experienced something I had never known before: her juices actually squirted into my mouth!

I moved up to kiss her, telling her that I'd never



"We pinched each other's nipples as we ground our pussies together, our stocking-covered legs adding to the erotic sensation"

made a woman squirt before, but I liked it. We held each other for a few minutes, kissing several more times before Trish got out of bed. She then pulled out her suitcase, saying "I was hoping to get to use this."

What she took from the suitcase was a big double-

headed dildo. It had to be at least a foot and a half long, and as thick as my wrist. Telling me to spread my legs, she came back to the bed and started rubbing one end of the dildo on my pussy. I wasn't sure I would be able to take that thing inside me at first; but luckily my husband's cock is almost as thick, so I figured I could manage.

Trish slowly eased about half of the dildo into my pussy, then lifted her left leg and told me to guide the other end into hers. When I did, she moved so that our legs scissored each other's body, and worked the other half into herself until our pussies touched. She then started rubbing her cunt against mine. Soon we were both moaning. We pinched each other's nipples as we ground our pussies together, our stocking-covered legs adding to the erotic sensation.

It didn't take long before we were both coming, but we didn't stop. We each had a couple more orgasms, yelling and convulsing again and again until Trish collapsed on top of me.

I spent the night with Trish, and in the morning she called the office to let them know we'd closed the deal early. They told her that since our trip had been such a success, we should take the last day and enjoy ourselves.

Which we did.—J.N., Columbus, Ohio

The love scenes with

her leading man were getting too realistic

Joy, my wife of six years, is a 33-year-old beauty with blonde shoulder-length hair and a trim 34C-24-33 body. One of her passions is acting, and for the last few years she has taken part in our local community theater, where she has played mostly supporting roles, most of them quite well.

Several months ago Joy came home all excited, and told me that the director had decided to give her the lead role in the spring play. This was to be her first leading role, and she was ecstatic. She told me the play was about a married couple struggling through tough times. When I asked her who was playing her husband, she told me it was a guy named Kyle, a divorced man who had recently moved to our area.

Two weeks after that, Joy came home from rehearsing the play, looking quite upset. I asked her what was wrong, and she told me she didn't think she could do the play. When I asked her why, she didn't respond at first, but when I prodded her, she finally came out with it.

It seemed that she and Kyle had been rehearsing a scene in which they were supposed to lie in bed together, under the covers, with her in a long satin nightgown and Kyle in pajamas. It was an emotional scene, during which the script called for them to hug and kiss several times. She

libido | noun | li-bi-do

- 1: A person's desire to have sex.
2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



Letters

told me that, as they were rehearsing the scene, the first time Kyle had given her a hug she had felt him pressing his large erection against her thigh. She said it had felt so big that she had become flustered and messed up her lines.

When they tried it a second time, his erection felt even bigger, and she felt her pussy getting wet. She managed to get her lines out that time, but by then her panties were soaked. And then, when Kyle kissed her, his lips were so soft that she felt like putty in his arms, and almost as though she was about to come.

Joy was almost crying as she told me this, and she apologized over and over again, saying she couldn't believe she had let herself get so turned on by another man. She said she felt she had to leave the play, because she didn't want this to go any further with Kyle.

My reaction to all this was mixed, to say the least. The fact is, I had often wondered what it would be like to see Joy with another man. Over the last year or so, that thought had grown to be a fantasy of mine. I loved my wife, but I had an overwhelming desire to see her being pleased by someone else. In addition, I knew how much doing the leading role in this play meant to her. So I told her not to worry about it just now, and that maybe we could think up a solution. I then suggested that she should ask Kyle to come

over to our house one night, so that we could talk about the situation.

Her eyes grew wide, but at that point I just kissed her and took her to bed. Joy was wild and eager, and our lovemaking was more

and that it meant a lot to her, but there was a problem, and suspected he knew what it was.

"Joy has become quite attracted to you," I went on. "And you have made it obvious that the feeling is

on her face. But there was something else there too.

"There's another thing," I went on. "I've often fantasized about seeing Joy with another man, and since she is drawn to you, I think it's time for my fantasy to



passionate than it had been for some time. I knew she was thinking of Kyle, and I was pretty sure my plan would succeed.

The next night Joy brought Kyle home with her after rehearsal. He turned out to be a handsome guy in his late 30s, and very cordial. I offered him a drink, and once we were all settled I came right to the point. I told him that this was Joy's first leading role,

mutual. And because of that, she feels she should quit the play. Now, I love my wife dearly, and I want her to be happy. So I am proposing that the two of you go into our bedroom and make love to each other. That way Joy won't feel guilty about being around you, and she'll be able to do the play."

I heard my wife gasp as I said that, and as I turned to her I could see the shock

become reality. So it's a win-win situation all around."

There was a long moment of silence. Kyle seemed a bit stunned, but he said nothing. Joy just stared at me for the longest time. Then, slowly, she rose from her seat, came over to me and sat on my lap, putting her arms around me. She then asked me if I truly meant what I was saying, and I assured her that I did. Joy gave me a long open-

mouth kiss and told me that she loved me. Then she stood up and turned to our guest. "Would you like to make love to me, Kyle?" she asked.

Kyle did not hesitate. "Oh God, yes!" was his reply. "I've wanted to do that for weeks." As he got up, Joy extended her hand to him and led him down the hallway to our bedroom.

I sat there in the living room for several minutes, with a raging hard-on that wouldn't quit. There was only silence at first, and then I began to hear them moaning, and the headboard of the bed making a slight but rhythmic bumping sound against the wall. At that point I got up and went to see what my wife was doing.

The bedroom door was open, and as I peered in I could see Joy lying on her back, naked, with Kyle's equally naked body on top of her, driving the thickest cock I'd ever seen in and out of my wife's pussy as he simultaneously sucked on her breasts. He was thrusting at her with long, steady strokes, and each time he pushed into her she gasped out, "Yes!"

Her legs were wrapped tightly around his ass, and I could see that her labia were stretched to the limit around his cock. Her eyes were closed and she was moaning loudly as she told him how good his cock felt inside her and how full her pussy was.

I moved as quietly as I could over to the chair by

Joy's dressing table and sat down, staring at the two of them as they made passionate love. Joy's moans told me just how much she loved having his cock inside her, and I felt a pang of jealousy, knowing I would never be able to stretch her as much as he did.

Over the next 20 minutes or so I watched Kyle bring my wife to three extended and obviously very intense orgasms. Each time she came, Joy would cry out and dig her nails into his back as her body shook uncontrollably. After her third climax, he increased the speed and intensity of his thrusts, causing her to cry out repeatedly, "Oh yes, fuck me!"

A couple of minutes later he gave a loud growl and a particularly deep thrust as he spurted his come inside her. That set her off yet again, and she screamed as her body spasmed over and over.

Kyle lay on top of her for several minutes, until they regained their breath. When he rolled off, I saw that her entire body was covered with perspiration. Her dilated pussy was oozing globs of another man's semen, and that turned me on like nothing else ever had.

After a minute or two Joy turned onto her side and started stroking Kyle's very impressive cock. It soon got hard again under her fingers, at which point she slid down in the bed and opened her mouth as wide as possible to take it in. I

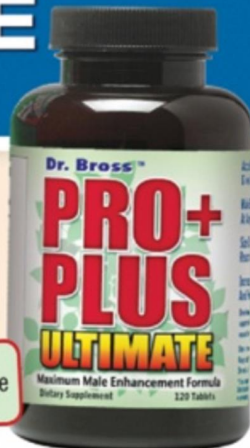


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saw her cheeks hollow out as she took as much of that pole in her mouth as she could and started to suck on it. This surprised me, because Joy had never been wild about giving blowjobs. Yet here she was, eagerly doing it for her new lover.

Kyle was soon moaning and telling Joy how good her sucking felt. She used her hand to stroke the portion of his cock that her mouth could not reach, and in no time at all he was on the verge of coming. When she saw this, she increased the tempo of her sucking and stroking, her cheeks hollowing even more. Seconds later he groaned out, "Oh yeah!" and shot his load into Joy's mouth. I heard her making gulping sounds as she swallowed it, and when he finished coming she gave a little moan of satisfaction.

Once again they rested for a while, until Kyle's cock was ready yet again. Joy was ready too. She swung her leg over him and straddled his body, grasping his cock and holding it upright, like a big fence post. Her eyes met mine then, and

she kept her gaze locked on me as she slowly slid her body down over Kyle's manhood. But as that cock slid deeper and deeper inside her, she closed her eyes and let out a moan, as if she were savoring a fine piece of steak.

When her ass touched his body, she remained still for a minute or two. Then she leaned forward and fed Kyle her right breast. As he sucked on her nipple, Joy slowly rode his cock. She would raise her body until just the head of it remained inside her, and then slam herself down on his shaft. Pretty soon she started to increase the speed of her strokes, and Kyle had to settle for squeezing her firm tits, because he couldn't keep his mouth on those bouncing boobies. The sounds of their cries and groans filled the room as their wet bodies coupled.

I watched for a long time as Joy gleefully rode that big cock. Her breathing was short and ragged, but she showed no signs of stopping. She came numerous times, and each of her orgasms was convulsive and prolonged. When she sensed that Kyle was close to coming, she began urging him to fill her pussy once again. When he did, she erupted once more, throwing back her head and grinding her ass against his body before collapsing on his chest, gasping for air.

Kyle finally left, after thanking us both profusely. After seeing him out, I came back to the bed, and my

wife and I cuddled for a while. I told Joy that I understood why she had been drawn to Kyle's cock, because it was the biggest I had ever seen. She told me that while it was true that she loved the way his dick stretched her pussy, she truly loved me and no one else. Then we kissed, and before I knew it we were making love. My cock slid inside her with no resistance at all, but she clenched her vaginal muscles so that her pussy felt as snug as ever. We fucked until we both came, and then we fell asleep.

Joy stuck with the play, of course, and when it eventually opened, the local paper gave it a rave review, saying that Joy and Kyle played their parts as loving spouses very convincingly indeed. We all got a big laugh out of that, and Joy said that she thought she and Kyle should keep up their private rehearsals during the run of the play, just to make sure they didn't go stale in the parts. I told her that was just fine with me.—
K.N., Yellow Springs, Ohio

"Seconds later he groaned out, 'Oh yeah!' and shot his load into Joy's mouth. I heard her making gulping sounds as she swallowed it"

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LETTERS



He was a virgin, she was a slut. A match made in heaven

I am married to a very loving and understanding husband who does not mind in the least that his wife is a perpetually horny lady who fucks other men every chance she gets. In fact, like many of the husbands I read about in your magazine, he enjoys hearing about my extra-marital adventures, especially while he is screwing the shit out of me himself. When I told him about how I had seduced Sid, a shy but good-looking 19-year-old who had delivered a package to our house a few days before, he got even more turned on than usual, due to the fact that Sid was so much younger than me.

I had come on to Sid on an impulse, and we'd done it right there on the living room couch. He was quick and a bit awkward, and it was only afterwards that he told me I had taken his virginity. When I told Steve, my husband, that I would not mind having a little more time with this well-built young man, and maybe teaching him a few tricks, he encouraged me to invite Sid to spend a weekend with me at our mountain cabin, where I could educate him properly. And later tell him, Steve, all about it, of course.

Sid, as I expected, was delighted at my invitation, and we drove up to the cabin that Friday afternoon. Once there, he helped me

carry in the groceries I'd brought along, then went back for his duffel bag.

I led him to the master bedroom, telling him to set his things anyplace. It was only about four in the afternoon, but seeing that Sid was obviously nervous, I thought it would be best to break the ice right away. I sat down on the bed, saying, "This nice big bed is going to be much more comfortable than my living room couch. Why don't we try it out?"

Sid looked dubious for a moment. "Isn't that the bed you share with your husband?" he asked me.

"Of course it is," I said. I then rubbed the crotch of my jeans, saying, "This is the pussy I share with him too. I'm going to share it with you now, so why not do it in his bed?"

With that I pulled my sweater over my head, revealing my firm C-cup breasts cradled in a lacy black bra. "Come on, get undressed, sweetheart," I said to him, and he began to take his shirt off as I wriggled out of my tight jeans. I stood up and turned the bed down before reaching back to unhook my bra, then turned to face him as it slid down my arms and dropped to the floor. When he pushed his briefs down, I stepped out of my black bikini panties, kicking them and the bra out of the way.

Sid watched intently as I stretched out on the bed on my back. "Wow," he said. "You do have blonde hair down there too. I've been wondering about that. I was so scared when we did it that time that I didn't even try to look at your vagina."

I smiled at him. "You can call it a vagina if you like, Sid, but I mostly call it my cunt, or my pussy, because they're sexier to say. Just like my favorite word—fuck." He looked a little shocked. "Speaking of fuck," I went on, "why don't you crawl in here and fuck me. I can feel my pussy juice trickling down the crack of my ass already. Oh God, Sid, I need to be fucked now! Please get in here and shove that hard cock up my cunt, and get yourself a piece of ass."

Sid stammered out something about having some condoms in his bag, but I told him not to worry about that, as I was on the Pill. He was still staring at my crotch, and now I raised and spread my legs, both so he could see my pussy better and as an invitation for him



to come and fuck me.

He got on the bed then, moving between my legs, and I could feel his hard cock probing for my entrance. I reached down and guided him to his target, saying, "It's a good idea to use your hand, baby, at least until you've had a little more experience. Come on now, feed my pussy a good dose of meat, with a real creamy dessert."

I could sense him trying to control himself as he slowly slipped his dick inside me, until his balls were pressing tightly against my asshole. "Oh God!" he said breathlessly. "I can't believe how tight you are, and how wet and hot it feels inside you!" With that he started fucking me like a jackhammer, and I knew he wouldn't last very long. Sure enough, in less than a minute his hot come surged out of his throbbing dong, drenching my cunt with warm soothing cream. I felt his erection fade and slip out of my slimy box, and globs of his come flowed out of me and slid over my ass onto the bed.

I kissed him then, realizing that it was our first kiss, in spite of the fact that we had fucked twice. Sid continued to lie there in the cradle of my thigh as we kissed some more, and he soon developed another erection, which felt just as hard as the first one. He reached down to guide it into place (yes, he was a quick study!) then entered me with one long stroke.

Having taken the edge off his youthful lust, he now began fucking me at a slow, steady pace.

After a minute I told him how to shift his position so that his cock would stimulate my swollen clit. He got it right away, and soon I was moaning and arching my hips to meet his thrusts. After a few minutes of this my first orgasm overtook me. I am a squirter when I am really aroused, and I drenched both of us, as well as the bed, with my come.

Sid was startled. "What was that?" he gasped out. "Did you—"

"It's okay, baby," I panted. "You made me come so hard I ejaculated. God, that was good! Don't stop, sweetie, please!"

He resumed fucking me then, and continued to do so for another 15 minutes, bringing me to two more rolling orgasms before his second load splashed against the entrance to my womb.

After we caught our breath Sid wanted to do it yet again, but I told him he had better save himself for later. We took a quick shower together, with him erect the whole time. I was tempted, but finally ducked out, telling him to wait until after we ate, because he was going to need his strength later, when I would fuck him until we fell asleep from exhaustion.

After eating a quick dinner we headed right back to bed, where I asked him if he'd ever had his cock sucked. He said no, he had



truly been a virgin in every way before he met me.

"Well," I told him, "you are going to be treated to one of my patented blowjobs, which my husband tells me are simply fantastic. So just lie back and enjoy yourself, sweetheart." I slid down until my face was on a level with his cock. I then started licking around the ridge under his cockhead. When his hard pole started to jerk and twitch, I moved down to lick his nuts, then sucked

each one into my mouth to give him a chance to retain control.

After tongue-bathing his balls I moved back up, opening my mouth wide and slowly lowering it over his dick. I relaxed my throat as I did so, allowing his manhood to slip in completely, until my nose was in his pubic hair. I just kept it there for a long moment, then began slowly bobbing my head up and down, working all of his dick in and

LETTERS

out of my mouth for about two minutes before receiving a hot bittersweet load, which I managed to swallow without spilling a drop.

I continued nursing on his now flaccid cock—like slurping on a wet noodle—until he was once again fully erect. I then pulled my mouth away and moved up to straddle his torso, impaling myself on his rigid tool. I rode him slowly, grinding my clit against his wiry pubes, until I climaxed, again, squirting my joy juice all over him and the bed. I came so hard that it temporarily rendered me helpless, and I collapsed on his chest gasping for air. Sid rolled me over and fucked me tenderly for nearly 10 minutes, then injected another creamy load into my snatch.

We ended up fucking two more times before falling asleep in a tangle on the soaking-wet sheets. I woke up the next morning to find my eager young man mounting me for an energetic early-morning screw. That was just the first of numerous times we had sex that day. We finally dragged ourselves to the shower and took time to nourish our famished bodies with a nice big lunch.

We napped a bit after that, and woke up refreshed and feeling horny again. At that point I asked Sid if he would like to learn to eat pussy, as that was a sure way to pleasure a woman. He asked me if guys really did that. "Why not?" I answered. "I sucked your cock didn't I?"

I could tell he was pretty hesitant at first about putting his face up against my cunt, but once he got a taste of it I thought he was going to eat me alive before I slowed him down, getting him to kiss and lick me gently as I explained to him that a woman is very sensitive in that area. After a half-hour of pussy-eating lessons he was munching on my cookie like a seasoned pro. After he got me off a couple of times I maneuvered us into a 69 position, so I could give him head while he ate me out. I soon had another creamy load to swallow, and as a matter of fact, so did he.

The rest of the day was more of the same—fucking, sucking, eating, resting, fucking again. I was so exhausted by the time

we went to sleep that I thought we would have to spend Sunday just resting up before it was time to go home. Of course I was wrong.

I woke up Sunday morning to find Sid happily eating my pussy. He made me come twice that way, but he wouldn't let me suck his cock, saying that he wanted to save his come for my cunt—the first time he actually used that word. I patted his head, telling him that I loved having him come in my cunt.

When he mounted me, he found my pussy with no guidance at all, and I told him he was getting to be quite the experienced lover. He was so excited that he didn't last very long, but I didn't care, because I was more than satisfied.

We took a short nap, then screwed one last time before getting ready to go home. Sid took a shower, but I told him I would wait to shower until I got home, where I could douche first. I then had to explain to him what a douche was. He told me ruefully that he still had a lot to learn. I told him he still had plenty of time to learn everything there was to know, and that perhaps we could get together again sometime, so he could show me what he had learned.

I was sorry that our weekend was over, but on the other hand I knew that my husband was waiting anxiously to hear all about it when I got home, and I was looking forward to another fuck-filled night.—C.L., Butte, Montana



The bride's mother and grandmother get more than the bride

My daughter Holly grew up to have a daughter of her own, named Ellen, who grew up in her turn and decided to marry her high school sweetheart at the ripe old age of 19. This meant that Holly and I, her mother and grandmother, had to organize all the wedding details. It took months of time-consuming hard work, but it finally paid off with a lovely wedding ceremony that went off without a hitch. Everything was beautiful, and we received many compliments from the guests, who said that Holly and I made quite the mother-and-daughter team. At the time we had no idea how true that statement was.

It was at the reception afterward, held in the ballroom of a large hotel where most of the guests were staying, that things began to get really interesting.

The party had been going full swing for a couple of hours. My husband, as usual, was bored and tired, while Holly's husband, as usual, was getting drunk. Holly and I were congratulating each other on our success with the wedding when Kip, the best man, came over to our table and invited Holly to dance. She quickly accepted, and I continued enjoying the event while glancing their way a few times. At one point I noticed Kip holding Holly close to him as he

whispered something in her ear. I had never seen such a shocked look on my daughter's face. He then loosened his hold and continued to dance as though nothing had happened, while Holly appeared to be still absorbing what he had said.

When they came back to the table I was dying to find out what was going on, but Kip then invited me to dance as well. While I was still curious, I love to dance—and, to be honest, Kip is a very good-looking young guy, so I agreed and we went out onto the dance floor.

We danced a couple of numbers together, while Kip chatted amiably the entire time, proving himself even more charming than he was handsome. It was during the second dance that he leaned in close to me and whispered, "Listen, if you get a chance, ditch your husband and come by my room for some fun. I have eleven inches of cock that would love to make your acquaintance."

Before I could react he pulled me closer to him, and I could feel something very large and hard press against my stomach.

That set my mind reeling. Talk about coming out of nowhere! I'm 58, and while I still get plenty of compliments on my looks, it's usually from my contemporaries, or from older men. But this was coming from a 20-year-old youth! And he was so brazen about it! It was a lot to take in.



When the song ended Kip escorted me back to my seat, but not before whispering his room number in my ear. As I sat down, I could see by Holly's face that she had been watching us. As soon as Kip left we excused ourselves and went to the nearest rest room to compare notes in private.

Sure enough, it turned out that this very brash young man had hit on my daughter in exactly the same way he had on me.

Holly couldn't believe he'd had the audacity to do that to both of us, and I agreed it was quite bold. She then said she wasn't going to cause a scene, since everyone was there to have a good time. She would just let the inappropriate suggestion slide.

My thoughts were taking a slightly different course, and I then asked Holly if she thought Kip was as big as he claimed. She scoffed, saying that guys lied about their size all the time. I then



"When I asked her, if she had ever been with anyone that large, she said she'd never even seen a cock that size, let alone fucked one"

mentioned that what he had pressed against me had felt quite large, and she had to agree. When I asked her if she had ever been with someone as large as that, she said she had never even seen a cock anywhere near that size, let alone fucked one. She then asked me what on earth I was

thinking by asking such a question.

At that point I took a deep breath and confessed I was thinking of taking Kip up on his offer. I said that after 40 years of fidelity to a man who gave it to me maybe once a month, I was entitled to throw caution to the wind for a change. And now that some hot, hung stud had propositioned me out of nowhere. I would be crazy to not consider it.

I assumed Holly would scold me for my attitude. But instead she had a confession of her own. It seemed she had been somewhat promiscuous before she'd been married, and now missed the variety of cocks she used to enjoy. In fact, she had been very tempted of late to have an affair.

So, since we were of a similar mindset, I pointed out to her that this was the chance of a lifetime, and that we would both be kicking ourselves forever if we didn't take the opportunity to see if Kip was legitimate or not. Holly definitely saw my point, but she wondered how we could get away from our spouses for the rest of the evening. I told her to let me take care of that.

When we got back to the table my husband was more tired, and Holly's more drunk, than ever. I suggested to my hubby that he take our intoxicated son-in-law up to his room to sleep it off, then retire for the evening himself, while Holly and I remained at the reception

to enjoy ourselves a bit longer. I could tell he was delighted at my suggestion as he led our drunken son-in-law to bed.

Kip was on the other side of the room, talking with some friends, and I saw him take notice of the fact that our husbands had departed. At that point he shot us a smile, then finished his conversation and left the room. Holly and I steeled our resolve with another round of drinks, and then headed for the elevators.

I nearly lost my nerve as we arrived outside Kip's door, but with Holly standing next to me I knew I couldn't back out now. I knocked on the door, and heard Kip tell us to come in.

As we entered we saw Kip sitting in a chair in the middle of the room, dressed only in a bathrobe, obviously prepared to get down to business. He whistled and said he hadn't thought he'd be lucky enough to get both of us to come. But now we were going to have a real party.

Kip then stood up and opened his bathrobe, and Holly and I both gasped loudly. He hadn't been kidding. He was enormous! He was evidently only partially aroused, but his manhood dangled nearly to his knees.

Smiling at our obvious astonishment, Kip said that if one of us were to help him it would get even bigger. I had never seen my daughter move so fast. She was on her knees in a heartbeat, running her hand up and down his entire impressive



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length. That hunk of meat seemed to grow with every stroke, until if it wasn't 11 inches, it was damn well close enough.

He gave a rumble of approval at Holly's ministrations. I thought I was going to be left out in the cold, but Kip wagged his finger at me, saying, "Come over here, you hot cougar." Well, who could pass up an invitation like that?

As I moved to him, he took me in his arms and gave me a deep, passionate kiss, at the same time fondling my breasts through my dress, making me grow damp.

As we made out I heard a slurping sound, and looked down to see that my daughter had switched from manual to oral caresses, and was having the time of her life as she licked up and down the entire length of his thick shaft. She stopped to suck on just the head a few times before starting over again at the base.

Kip broke off our make-out session long enough to say, "You sexy MILFs sure know how to give great head!" then returned to driving his tongue down my throat. The way he was managing both of us made me suspect he had done this with two women before. The thought only made me hotter.

After a while he released me, then pulled his cock from Holly's mouth and told us to strip for him. He was definitely overflowing with confidence, but considering what was between his legs,

he had every reason to be. He knew he had us hooked and could order us around at his pleasure.

Upon seeing us naked he whistled appreciatively, saying that hot bodies definitely ran in the family, and

myself with no trouble at all.

Once Kip was on top of Holly, with his massive erection aimed at her pussy, she seemed to tense up a bit at first. But then she willingly spread her legs wide for him, an invita-

his size. He took a pause, meanwhile alternating between kissing her and sucking hard on her tits. Then he slid another inch or so inside her. He went on this way for a while, kissing her passionately each time



he'd be making full use of ours. He then guided Holly to the bed, saying it was only right she got first crack, since she was the one he'd first invited to his room. But he also told me I should start fingering myself to get ready for him, as he had plenty of cock to go around. I sat on a chair, draping one leg over an arm, and started doing as he suggested. I was so wet I could already slip two fingers inside

tion which he was happy to accept. She moaned loudly as that bulbous head spread her pussy lips and began to disappear into her drenched snatch.

As it slipped in, inch by inch, she groaned out something about how big he was, and how he was stretching her pussy. When he was about three quarters of the way in she told him to stop, as she needed just a minute to adjust to

she told him to slow down, until eventually his amazing pole was buried in her completely.

I couldn't believe he had gotten that whole thing inside her. My daughter writhed on the bed, moaning that it felt as though he was penetrating her womb, but it was clear that she loved it.

Kip now grinned down at her and said he thought it was only right that since

the groom got to fuck the bride, the best man should get to fuck the mother of the bride. He then proceeded to do so, drawing his cock out of her slowly and then sliding it back in, making Holly coo with delight. His dick glistened with her juices. He continued screwing her in that slow, steady pace for only a few minutes before her wide eyes took on a kind of wild look. Suddenly her legs locked around his waist and she shouted out that she was coming. A moment later she climaxed so hard she was practically convulsing. I had never come like that, but now I wanted to. I wanted that more than I had ever wanted anything before.

Kip smiled at his handiwork, waiting for Holly to come down from her sexual high, and when she did he started fucking her some more. In no time at all she had a second climax, just as powerful as the first. And then another. I was frigging myself hard, with two fingers jammed into my pussy, when Kip cried out and thrust himself inside Holly to the hilt. I could see his butt cheeks flexing as he hosed my daughter's insides with his sperm. Considering how long it took him to finish, he must have dumped an amazing amount of come inside her. When he was finally done, he stayed where he was, playing with her body while she lay there catching her breath.

I was going from hot to frustrated when Kip finally extracted himself from

Holly's now well stretched cunt. I could see his jism leaking out of her immediately. Almost unbelievably, but to my great delight, his erection appeared to have hardly diminished at all. He helped Holly out of bed and invited me in, saying it was now time for the grandmother of the bride to receive the same treatment.

I was on my back in an instant, grabbing his cock so I could guide it to my already soaked snatch. He wanted no time in entering me, exuding confidence with every move.

Oh God. Holly had been right—he felt even more enormous than he looked! I could feel every glorious inch of that tool as it stretched me wide and plunged in deep. Even having fingered myself nearly to the point of climax, I still wasn't loose enough to accommodate the whole thing right away, and it took a bit of work to take in the last couple of inches. Still, I did manage to get him all the way inside faster than Holly had. But again, she had been right. It felt as though his cock was practically in my stomach as it penetrated the depths of my body.

And then the real fun began. Kip was like a machine as he fucked me, his hips pumping up and down in relentless rhythm. I had never really thought size mattered all that much, but I had never encountered a cock like this. Kip was touching places I hadn't known existed, and produc-



"He thought it was only right that since the groom got to fuck the bride, the best man should get to fuck the mother of the bride"

LETTERS

ing sensations more intense than any I had experienced up to now. In no time at all he had me coming so hard that my legs actually flailed the air as I cried out in passion. He continued fucking me through my orgasm, and a minute later I had another.

As he pounded away, Kip grinned down at me and said that loving big cock must also run in my family. Talk about hitting the nail

on the head! I cried out my enthusiastic agreement, and a minute later, as if to demonstrate the truth of his statement, I climaxed again. At that point I felt Kip's cock swell even further as he doused my insides with a copious amount of sperm that surely rivaled his first load.

As I lay there gasping, Kip said that fucking cougar was at least as much fun as banging MILF. It was the

sort of thing he'd love to do all night, he said, and he was going to try his level best to make that happen.

He remained inside me until his huge cock, which had seemed to shrink only slightly after his climax, got fully hard again. He then pulled out and told Holly to come over. Lying on his back, he instructed her to get on his cock and ride him cowgirl-style, while I sat on his face so he could eat me out at the same time.

He definitely had a talented tongue, but it was no substitute for what had recently been jammed inside me, though it served to keep my motor running. As for Holly, she was riding him like there was no tomorrow, and climaxing repeatedly. Once again I felt a touch of envy to think that she was having more fun than me.

After a while, however, Kip had us switch places, and then I was the one riding him like a sex-starved slut. I couldn't get enough of his magnificent manhood, and I wanted him inside me forever. The way my daughter and I were behaving, you'd have thought we were virgin brides just learning about sex, rather than a pair of mature women with several decades of marriage between us.

The two of us switched back and forth between Kip's erection and his mouth until he was ready to pop again. He then had us get off him and lie side by side while he stood over us, stroking his cock until

he erupted all over our tits, dousing them with yet another large load. He then told us to scoop the sperm off them and suck it down, which we did as though his come was ambrosia. My tits are large enough that I could hold them to my mouth and lick them off directly, which really impressed him.

Kip complimented us on our ability to handle cock, saying we were much more fun than the college girls he was used to, who were usually worn out after one round. He then said he was going to the bathroom to clean up, and that we should wait there, as he still had more entertainment in store.

When he came out of the bathroom 10 minutes later, he was clean and ready for another go. He then told me to come on over and show him what a hot cougar could do with her tongue. I crawled over to him on all fours and took that now semi-flaccid but still magnificent member into my mouth, worshipping it in a way I had never done with a man before.

Once he was fully erect, Kip had me go back to the bed and lie on my back, with my ass on the edge of the mattress. Standing in front of me, he then hooked my legs over his shoulders and slammed his cock inside me up to the hilt with one strong thrust. Then he began pounding away as though he hadn't had a piece of ass in weeks. His accelerated tempo and



the power of his thrusts soon had me coming like a machine gun. I'd had no idea I could orgasm that much and that hard, but I was delighted at the discovery.

After all but ravishing me for a good 10 minutes. Kip pulled out and told Holly to get into an identical position, saying that he wanted to find out if she could come as much as her mother. Holly obeyed him with alacrity, and he proceeded to hammer away at her as he had at me. Judging by her cries of ecstasy, she could orgasm at the same rate I had, which was virtually nonstop.

He kept banging her tirelessly in that rapid rhythm until she was practically out of breath from climaxing so much. Then he pulled out and told me to get on all fours so he could fuck me doggie-style. Once he had entered me from the rear he again fucked me hard and fast, making me climax repeatedly. As he pounded away he said he thought it was ironic that the best man was getting more pussy than the groom. Had I been able to speak just then, I could have pointed out that, on the other hand, the bride's relatives were getting more cock than the bride!

Kip kept alternating between the two of us, fucking one, then the other, in a variety of positions for the better part of an hour before he deposited his final load into my well-used pussy. By that time we were all really



spent, and knew we had to call it a night.

Holly and I could barely walk straight as we got cleaned up, then headed to our respective rooms. Luckily my husband was asleep as I all but collapsed into bed. I didn't wake up until late the next morning, and when my husband asked me why I looked so tired, I told him I had partied a bit too hard after he had left. He said he was glad that I'd had such a fun time.

"His thrusts soon had me coming like a machine gun. I'd had no idea I could orgasm that hard, but I was delighted at the discovery"

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He didn't know the half of it!

Now that my eyes, and my pussy, have been opened to the joys of big cock. I keep wanting more, and so does Holly. In fact we've told our husbands that we're going on a mother-daughter getaway next weekend, to enjoy some time together. What we didn't tell them was that we're taking a road trip to Kip's college, so we can have several days of uninterrupted fun. I can't wait!—
Name and address withheld

She agreed to pose for him, but he wanted her in a string bikini

I was paying a week-long visit to my old friend June, who I had known for 20 years, ever since high school. I had been divorced for several years, while June was still happily married, with an 18-year-old son named Ted.

For Ted's last birthday, his father had given him a new dirt bike—what they call a motocross bike—which was his pride and joy. All his spare time was dedicated to that bike; when he wasn't riding it, he was

polishing it or tuning it up or changing its valves, or whatever it is guys do with bikes like that.

One morning, when both his parents were at work, Ted approached me and asked if I would help him with an assignment for the photography course he was taking at school. The subject was to be his bike, and he wanted to photograph it with a woman on top of it.

I was surprised that he would choose me for this task rather than one of his female schoolmates, but it seemed harmless enough, so I agreed. He then surprised me a lot more when he told me he wanted me to pose in a string bikini! I was so shocked, I couldn't say anything at first, and before I could gather my wits he had walked away, saying he would meet me out in the garage in half an hour.

I didn't want to do it, of course. It just didn't feel right. But after all, he was my friend's son, and I didn't like to refuse him. And as a matter of fact, as I thought about posing in front of that young man in a bikini, a small shiver ran through my body, a kind of excitement I hadn't felt in a long time.

It had been too long since my divorce, and my former husband and I had never had much of a sex life anyway. I sometimes masturbated when no one was around, but it just wasn't the same as the real thing.

But what the hell was I thinking? There would be no sex involved here, just a couple of pictures. I quickly

put all such reflections out of my mind and went to dig out my old bikini, which I hadn't actually worn for some time.

After slipping into it, I looked at myself in the mirror, and I gasped when I saw how much of my body was visible.

My breasts, which are a 34C, with little visible sag, were barely covered by two thin pieces of material, which clearly outlined the shapes of my nipples and left the sides of my tits exposed for all to see. The thong bottom offered even less coverage. Its one triangle of thin fabric covered my pussy and a tiny bit of the pubic area above it, but that was it. The garment was held together by strings that went high over my slim hips, and was so tight in the crotch that it revealed a distinct camel toe, with a glaringly obvious slit.

I felt embarrassed at the idea of showing myself off this way to my friend's son, but at the same time my pussy tingled at the thought.

I put a modest robe on over my bikini and went out to the garage. Ted was already waiting near his bike, holding his camera and surrounded by lights and photographic equipment. When he saw me he smiled, and asked me to stand in front of the bike. With my heart racing, I did so, and stood there looking at him, still unsure that I could go through with this.

"You're going to have to take that robe off," he said,

"I felt embarrassed at the idea of showing myself off this way to my friend's son, but at the same time my pussy tingled at the thought"

looking at me innocently. I took a deep breath, then slipped the robe off and tossed it to the side. I saw his eyes widen as he stared at me.

I had never felt such a mixture of self-consciousness and excitement. Not knowing what else to say, I asked him how he wanted me to pose. "Just like that," he answered, look-

my crotch. Click, click.

"Damn, this is so sexy!" Ted said then. "How about climbing on the bike now. I want you to face the back and lie down on it, okay?"

God, this is going to be naughty, I thought; I would be lying back with my legs spread wide. Just thinking about it was making my pussy wet.

Ted had to help me get

only lost my balance, so I had to open them up again. The further I spread them, the easier it was to stay on top of the bike. Soon my legs were spread so wide it felt as if I was on a porn shoot, but it was the only way to keep myself from falling off.

Click, click, click.

"Ted, I really have to get down," I said breathlessly,

with juices. I looked down at my crotch again and saw that my thong had ridden completely into my pussy, which was entirely exposed. Whatever fabric was visible had darkened as my juices soaked into it. Ted was very close to my crotch now, snapping pictures of my pussy at close range. "Stop, Ted, please," I panted.

"Hey, it's okay," he reas-

"Showing my body off to the camera was a huge turn-on for me, even though it made me feel somewhat like a slut"

ing through the camera. "Spread your legs. . . Arch your back. . . A bit more. . . Turn toward me. . . Yes!" He kept snapping pictures as I followed his directions. He was moving closer and closer to me as he did so, until it was obvious that I, rather than his bike, was the object of his concentration.

"Put your foot on the foot peg and lean back, okay?" he said then. To do this I had to open my legs a little, exposing my crotch, and I could feel the fabric of the thong pulling even tighter against my slit. As I leaned back, my top rode up, and I could feel the cool air on my bared nipples. I moaned, but I didn't try to cover them up. The camera was pointing at my tits now. Click, click, click. Then at

onto the bike. He took hold of my arm while, supporting myself with my other hand, I swung my leg over the bike and sat down on the seat. Ted's eyes were on my crotch. I looked down and saw that my bikini bottom had shifted slightly to one side, and now revealed my pussy lips. Oh God, he could see my pussy! My immediate impulse, of course, was to cover myself, but I couldn't take my hands off the bike for fear of losing my balance.

Click, click, click.

"Hang on to the sides of the engine to hold yourself steady," Ted advised me. As I grabbed on to it with both hands, I felt my body sliding to the side, pulling my thong further askew. I tried closing my legs, but



but there was no conviction in my voice.

Click, click, click.

I now could no longer avoid the fact that I was sexually excited. Showing my body off to the camera was a huge turn-on for me, even though it made me feel somewhat like a slut. As soon as I thought of myself as a slut, my pussy flooded

sured me. "You look beautiful. And I can erase these pictures anytime."

Click, click, click.

"Oh God." I was squirming on the bike seat now, and as I did, the fabric of my bikini bottom scraped my clit and sent shock waves through me. A low moaned escaped my lips as my pussy spasmed. Ted



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now lowered the camera and reached out to pull on the knotted strings that secured my bikini bottom.

"Ted. . . oh God. . . No," I whimpered. Why didn't I scream this out? I was looking into his eyes, and he was looking into mine as his hands untied both sides of my thong. Why didn't I stop him? With my legs still spread open, he reached out and hooked his finger under the material at my crotch. I shivered with excitement as I felt his finger touch my pussy lips. Without thinking, I lifted my ass slightly off the seat so he could pull my bikini bottom away.

I could barely breathe, my legs were trembling, and I could feel my juices running out of me to soak the bike seat below.

"God, you are so wet down there!" Ted exclaimed. "Lift your legs up for me, okay?"

"Ted, no," I said, and I raised my legs and bent them at the knees, then spread my knees apart and brought them to my chest.

"Oh my God!" Click, click, click.

I closed my eyes as I felt

my body shudder. I was powerless against the force that was overwhelming all my senses. I heard someone moaning, and realized that it was me. Spreading my legs wide, I held on for dear life as one of the biggest orgasms I'd ever known washed over me. It went on and on, seeming to take several minutes from my first spasm to the moment I could breathe again.

Finally I opened my eyes and saw Ted looking down at me. As soon as he saw me open my eyes he started snapping more pictures. Click, click, click.

My legs were shaking, and my breath was still ragged. I was a mess. "Ted, help me down," I said.

He knew I meant it this time. Quietly he put his camera down and grabbed my hand. Holding on to him, I swung my leg over and slipped off the bike. I landed right in his arms, still weak from my orgasm. I had to cling to him to keep my balance. I felt something hard against my leg, and looked down. Ted was wearing a pair of fleece shorts, and I could see the head of his dick peeking out of one of the legs. God, I thought, he must be huge!

I wanted him to fuck me now, and he knew it. He slipped his shorts down with one hand, then turned me around and bent me over his bike. He was rock-hard as he reached out and touched my pussy. I spread my legs automatically, almost coming again just

from his touch.

Then his hand was gone and his cock was probing at my slit. I heard myself moaning as he gently entered me, inch by inch. I had never had a dick so big inside me. His fingers were stroking my clit as his cock slid over my G-spot. It was heaven!

Soon I felt his sac against my ass and I knew he was in. He expertly drew his cock out until his ridge was spreading my lips, then gently slid back in again. Over and over he did this. I began to shake, and I could feel my juices soaking my thighs. "Harder!" I begged, and he began to really pound me with deep, strong strokes. I felt his dick begin to pulsate, and I knew he was close. "Give it to me, Ted!" I cried, and I heard him grunting loudly. Suddenly I was being filled with hot come, and a feeling of ecstatic pleasure washed over me as my body exploded once again.

As Ted's cock slipped out of me, I could feel his come flood out my slit onto my thighs. It felt great.

And then I heard it. Click, click, click.—G.R., Baton Rouge, Louisiana

A proud mature lady who still has a healthy sexual appetite—that's a cougar! If you are one or know one and have a story to tell, tell it to: , Penthouse Letters, Department KC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA. Or send e-mail to: letters@penthouse.com

"I could see the head of his dick peeking out. God, I thought, he must be huge! I wanted him to fuck me now, and he knew it"

Take It All Off!

They already knew how men loved to look at her body—it was a small step to letting them pay to *really* see it, and enjoy *other* privileges

My wife always knew that I love watching men stare at her killer body—five-seven, with full, firm breasts and long, shapely legs that are a man magnet when she wears a short skirt.

She got in the habit of dressing accordingly when we went out. I always appreciated the effort, but I also have to own up that after four years of marriage (we're both 28 now), our daily love-making was becoming kind of routine and predictable. And then one day, while we were in a bookstore and Nadine was looking at magazines, she came across *Penthouse Letters*.

There was a copy that was out of its plastic wrapper, so she started browsing through it. After a minute or two, with a twinkle in her eye she suggested we buy a copy. As soon as we got home we rushed to the bedroom and read a couple of letters out loud. That got us both fired up, and we had a hot evening of indescribable sex. We couldn't get enough of each other. For the next week we read a couple of

letters each night, then made love like horny teenagers. So for the next couple of months I made sure to buy the new *Penthouse Letters* as soon as it came out, and we continued to get off on the steamy letters.

Then one night while we were cuddling after making love we started talking about the magazine and the subject of fantasies came up. Nadine surprised me by saying that a letter we'd read a month ago, which involved a wife stripping at a bachelor party, got her really horny and made her wonder what it felt like to be naked in a roomful of men. Wow! I was surprised by her admission, but at the same time my dick got as hard as a rock just thinking that she might even *consider* doing something like that. I remembered that letter, and how it had made me so horny to picture my wife strutting her body in front of a group of men.

We talked about it for a couple of more nights, and I assured Nadine I wouldn't get jealous of her showing her naked body to another

man, or *men*. We thought about going to a clothing-optional resort but reckoned that since Nadine is a teacher, we wouldn't be able to do that until the end of the school year. We agreed that that was too long to wait.

I came up with an idea: that Nadine try stripping at a strip club. Knowing that she would be fired from her teaching job if anyone found out (morals clause), I suggested we drive 40 miles to a city that I know has a couple of strip clubs. Once again I had to reassure her that I wanted her to fulfill her fantasy because I loved the idea of her showing off her sexy body. We agreed to make the trip that coming Thursday night, and see if she could get a job.

Right after work that day Nadine put on her sexiest panties, a short black skirt that hugged her tight ass, a black push-up bra and a semi-sheer black blouse, along with three-inch stiletto heels that accentuated her shapely calves. She looked unbelievably hot! During the drive she was nervous but

also excited. She kept on reaching over and stroking my seven-inch boner, until I was on the verge of coming in my pants!

When we arrived at the strip club, we went in and asked for the manager. A stocky guy of about 50 came out and introduced himself as Jack, and Nadine asked if he was looking for any new strippers. He leered openly at her body and said, "I'm always looking for girls that have the kind of looks you have."

We talked awhile, and when Jack asked Nadine when she could start, she looked at me while asking him, "Is tomorrow night okay?" He said that would be fine, and to be there at eight o'clock, when she'd be dancing with four other girls, each girl dancing two sets of seven songs a night. He said that the girls weren't supposed to let customers touch their private parts but sometimes "things just happen." When he said that, he grinned and winked.

When Jack showed us around the club, he pointed



LETTER OF THE MONTH



Seeing the look of arousal on her face, I leaned in and whispered, "I'm sure these guys are going to want to feel *your* tits around their faces too." She stared at me with her face flushed. I told her to do whatever she wanted, because tonight I wanted her to live out *her* fantasy as well as mine.

When it was Nadine's turn to dance, she walked over to the sound system and punched in a list of songs that one of the girls had recommended. When the music started, she started to bump and grind sensuously to the beat. Guys were cheering and urging her on, bringing a smile to her face, and she

out three booths that each contained a curved leather couch and had a curtain that could be pulled closed for privacy so the girls could give private lap dances to customers for \$50. He added with a smirk, "What happens in there is between you and the customer. You can work out any extra fees."

We left the club, and while I drove home Nadine was giddy with excitement. She kept saying, "Holy shit, I can't believe I'm really going to go do this—and you're really going to let me."

When we got home, Nadine rushed to the bedroom and picked out her dancing wardrobe, which would consist of two of her sexiest panties-and-bra sets and a couple of sheer blouses with short skirts. Once she had her wardrobe picked out, she was all over me. We had a really wild fuck ses-

sion, during which I kept telling her I couldn't wait to see her strip in front of a bunch of men.

As soon as we got home from work Friday night, we downed a quick meal and then Nadine changed into one of her dancing outfits. During the drive to the club I had a hard time keeping my hands off her—she looked so smoking hot in her outfit of black lace panties and push-up bra, leather mini-skirt, red sheer blouse and four-inch stiletto heels. When we arrived, Jack told her she would be the third dancer, so she sat at the bar with me and watched the first two girls perform.

They were nice-looking, but not in Nadine's class. While they danced I noticed there was a lot of body contact with patrons. If a guy waved a single, the girls would dance up to him and

"Once she had her wardrobe picked, we had a wild fuck session. I said I couldn't wait to see her strip for a bunch of men"

let him put it in their waistband. If he waved a five or a ten, they let him tuck it in their crotch. If the guy had it in his mouth, the girl would squeeze her tits against his face and slowly pull it away.

Sometimes a guy stuck the bill in his mouth *lengthwise*, and the girl bent over with her ass pointed at him, reached between her legs and pulled it slowly until his face was up against her pussy, then let him linger there for a few seconds before dancing away from him. When Nadine saw that happen, she put a vise-like grip on my thigh.

really started getting into it. She looked really hot wiggling her body at the crowd of nearly a hundred men while moving back and forth across the stage.

Guys in the front row started pulling money out of their wallets. As soon as Nadine removed her blouse, a guy came up to the stage holding money in his hand. She danced up to him and bent down to let him stuff the money in her bra. As he pushed it between her boobs, she put a hand on top of his and pressed it against one boob for a few seconds, letting him feel

how firm they were. Then she backed away, moved over to the next guy and did the same thing.

When Nadine took off her skirt, a line formed, and she let most of the guys stuff bills in her waistband—and let several push the bills into her crotch area. One guy pulled his hand away and licked his fingers, which brought a cheer from his table buddies. She continued dancing, and by the end of the third song had stripped naked. Then she *really* went wild! All her inhibitions had been washed away, and she was now a free-spirited woman, able to really enjoy herself.

As she started dancing to the fifth song, several guys approached the stage with bills in their mouths. She looked toward me, and after I gave a nod of encouragement, she moved up to the first guy, bent down and rubbed her tits in his face before taking the money.

When the second guy came forward, she looked at me again, and when I smiled again, she turned around so that her ass was a foot away from his face, then backed up toward him and leaned forward while moving her legs far apart. She reached back between her legs and grasped the end of the bill with her hand, then pulled it slowly between her legs. The guy didn't let go until *his face was right up against her wet slit!* When he let go of the money, he left his mouth up against her shaved pussy for a couple more seconds before she moved away from him.

When Nadine turned around to face the crowd, her face was flushed and her hard nipples were sticking out like large bullets. From then on a steady stream of guys came up to the stage with money in their mouths. If they had a single or a five she'd rub her boobs against their faces. If they had a larger bill, she'd pull their mouths up against her shaved pussy and let them lick her slit for a few seconds.

By the time she was done dancing she had over \$300. And when she danced her second set she earned another \$200. Several guys asked for lap dances, and she got in a booth with them, closed the curtain and about ten minutes later came out. Each time her face was flushed and she had an excited look.

When I started driving us home that night, Nadine just about tore my clothes off me! She was giddy with excitement and said this was the wildest thing she had ever done. She said she couldn't believe she'd let a bunch of strangers lick her pussy and nuzzle her boobs.

She was so fired up that at one point I had to pull off the road and we made love in the back seat. While we did, she told me that when she gave the lap dances, she let the guys grope her whole body, and she became so aroused that her pussy left a wet spot on their pants. I was so turned on by this that I pounded her cunt like a wild man until we both came. And when we finally got home, we made love

several more times, with an energy we hadn't had in quite a while.

I told her to enjoy herself when she's dancing so that she could live out her fantasy. Saturday night we went back to the club and she danced her two sets. After the first, two 30-something guys asked for lap dances. After looking at me, she went off to one of the private booths with them. As she closed the curtain, she gave me a smile, and I noticed that when she finished clos-

ing the curtain she'd left about a four-inch gap that I could look through.

I walked to the booth and saw the two guys paying for their lap dances. Then the music started and Nadine began stripping, moving backwards until she was sitting on one guy's lap. She ground her ass against his dick, and he reached and cupped her firm breasts with both hands. She tilted her head back and closed her eyes as she continued to grind on his dick. When the



LETTER OF THE MONTH

song ended, she stood up and I saw that she'd left a large wet spot on the front of the guy's khakis!

She moved to the second guy. As she did, she looked my way to see whether I was watching. When she saw that I was, she smiled and puckered her lips as if to blow me a kiss.

This time Nadine faced the guy and brazenly unzipped his pants! He caught on and pushed the pants and his briefs down below his knees, whereupon she turned around and backed up until her ass was above his lap. Without hesitating he held his dick upright, and I watched as my wife licked her lips and slowly slid her pussy down on his shaft.

God, what a sight! The guy cupped Nadine's tits and squeezed them while she bounced up and down on his dick until, in less than a minute, *they both exploded!* As she came, her head tilted back, and her screams of pleasure could be heard even over the loud music playing in the club. She kept squirming around on the guy's lap until his dick slipped out of her. Then she gave him a tender kiss.

As she dismounted, she saw that the first guy now had his pants down at his ankles and was holding a fistful of money! Again she looked my way, and when I gave an immediate nod, she smiled and went back to him. She took his money, then held his dick upright while she moved into position over him. This time she straddled his body while

facing him and slowly slid his good-size dick deep in her pussy.

As soon as the dick was in, Nadine—eyes closed, mouth opened and head tilted back—began bouncing up and down on it like a woman in heat. The guy tried sucking her nipples, but she was moving too frantically for him to be able to do that. He had to settle for squeezing her tits and pulling on the nipples. Neither of them lasted more than a couple of minutes, and once again everyone could hear her cry out when orgasm swept over her.

Once the guy came, Nadine squirmed around on his lap and they kissed a couple of times. Then she dismounted and started getting dressed. When she came out of the booth, she gave me a wet kiss and

asked if I enjoyed the show.

I said, "Fuck, yeah!"

That brought a smile to her face. She said she had to go clean up for her next dance routine, and handed me all the money the two guys had given her. I went over to an empty corner of the club and counted it—it was over \$400!

That was just Nadine's first set. When she danced her second set, once again guys lined up to give her money. Several times she took it between her legs and allowed them to linger at her pussy for a few seconds before she moved away. One guy must have licked her pussy, and in doing so he realized that she'd been fucked, judging by the quizical look on his face.

After Nadine finished the second set, she did two more lap dances, and both

times she left the curtain cracked open again so I could watch. During one of the dances, she fucked the guy while pressing her breast into his mouth, and as a result came away with a big hickey on her left tit. The second guy had a long dick, and she eagerly gave him a fantastic blowjob. She gulped down his entire load, then wiggled her ass in his face until he was hard again, and this time he took her doggie-style while she leaned against the back of the couch.

At the end of the night, as soon as we were in our car Nadine was all over me. She said she hoped I wasn't mad, and I replied that I was happy as hell from watching her with the men. She wanted me to fuck her right then and there, so I moved the car to the far corner of the



parking lot for a little more privacy. She scampered over the front seat, stripped and pleaded, "Ohmygod, honey, *fuck me!*" I was tearing my clothes off as quickly as I could, but it wasn't quick enough for her!

She thrust her right leg up on the rear-window ledge and her left leg over the front seat. In the dim light I could see globs of come oozing out of her inflamed labia, and that made me *even hornier*. I moved between her slick thighs, and my dick slid in her depths effortlessly. It felt like I was swimming in a vat of warm

been naked most of the night. Why change now? This way, if you get horny again we can stop at that rest stop along the highway and make love again. My pussy is still on fire."

We *did* stop at the best stop, and made love for a good hour. I told her how sexy it was to see her fucking all those other men.

When we got home, Nadine tossed all the money she'd earned on our bed and we made love on top of it! That seemed to really turn her on, knowing that she'd earned all that money by letting strange men see

way home. Over those two weekends she earned close to \$3000.

I wasn't surprised when Jack offered Nadine a full-time job dancing at the club; she was by far his biggest earner. But she told him she already had a full-time job, that this had just been for

fun. He was disappointed but told her she was welcome to come back and dance anytime. She gave me a sly smile and told him she'd keep that in mind. I think she may return, and if she does, I'm looking forward to watching it all!—*Name and address withheld*

"I moved between her slick thighs, and my dick slid in her effortlessly. It felt like I was swimming in a vat of warm cream"

cream. We rutted and rutted until the car windows were totally steamed up! Every time we kissed, I could taste the residual saltiness in her mouth. She came twice before I blew my load, and each time she screamed at the top of her lungs. When I started coming, she purred in my ear, "Come on and come deep inside me! I love you so much."

We cuddled for a few minutes. Then I pulled my pants on and climbed back into the front seat. Nadine followed me, but didn't put anything back on except her panties. When I asked if she was going to get dressed, she giggled and said, "I've

and use her gorgeous body, with me watching everything that happened.

The following weekend Nadine danced again and gave lap dances to every man that asked for one. Judging by how many guys requested her services, she seemed to be the most popular dancer in the club. In addition to doing all those lap dances, she fucked at least eight guys that weekend, and blew four or five others—while I watched eagerly through the slightly open curtain. Each night we ended up having wild, raw sex as soon as we were out in the parking lot, and then again at the rest stop on the





CAN A GUY BE

TOO M

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Two years ago, when I was 36, I caught my husband cheating on me with a younger woman. I don't know how I would have gotten through the divorce and everything else that followed without Georgia, a friend of my daughter who has been closer to me, more like a daughter, or even a best friend, than my actual daughter Tracy, who couldn't wait to get out of the house when it came time to leave for college, and hasn't had a word to spare for me since.

When I had nowhere else to turn, Georgia really came through for me, giving me a lot of moral support until I got my act together. Which I did just in time to see both girls off to college. After their freshman year Tracy didn't even come home; she spent the summer hitchhiking through Europe. But Georgia not only came back but actually lived with me that summer. (Her parents were going through an ugly divorce of their own.) While she was here, she and my daughter had been friends with since kindergarten. The three of them were so close, I was always a surprised Shane never dated either girl; maybe he just didn't want to choose between them.

Anyway, Georgia now seemed interested in Shane in a sexual way, and even explained that another of their friends had recently dated him and broke up with him, not because he was a jerk, but because he was extremely well-endowed, so much so that he was just "too much" for her to handle. Geor-

gia said she was curious and hadn't had any in a while, so she wanted to see for herself. In fact, she asked if I could make myself scarce for a few hours the following night, and if it was all right with me, she wanted to bring Shane back and maybe have a chance to "check him out" firsthand.

I said yes on both counts. She could have all the time she needed.

I ended up going out to dinner and a movie—alone, of course. And I kept thinking about Georgia and Shane, and wondering just how big a man would have to be to be "too much." As it happened, I'd never experienced a man who seemed unusually large, and I couldn't help wondering, is there really such a thing as "too big"?

Shortly after the movie, I got a text message from Georgia saying it was all right to return. When I got home, she was glowing. It was obvious that she wanted to share her experience. It turned out Shane was quite happy to hook up with Georgia. He said he'd never broached the subject with either her or my daughter since, as I suspected, it would just have been too complicated. They all got along so well as friends, it seemed a shame to spoil it.

But once Georgia expressed interest, and with Tracy out of the picture, Shane was all for it. And since they knew each other so well, they didn't have to waste time with preliminaries. It wasn't long after they got home that Shane's pants dropped to the floor, and her jaw nearly did the same! She had

MUCH?

She was devastated when her husband lost all interest in her. But finally she came up with a way better alternative!

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never seen, or even imagined, anything like that.

Georgia was game to take it on, though, and they went to her bedroom. Shane insisted on eating her out first, as previous experience told him she would need to get really loose to take him on. He had quite a talented tongue, and when he added his fingers, he was a hit in her book without regard for his special endowment.

However, it was that special endowment that she really wanted to experience, and she told him she was ready for it. He got on top of her, and with a lot of time and determination she eventually took the whole thing in. She described the sex as the most intense experience of her life, and she asked if it would be too much of an imposition for me to find something to do tomorrow night as well. How could I say no?

It ended up being the next two nights, and I was fine with that. At least one of us girls was getting some. On my return the third night, Georgia seemed harried. When I asked about it, she said that while the sex was incredible, she understood now what her friend meant about Shane's size being "too much." It wasn't just that he might be too big but that he really could be too much. Because her friend hadn't explained about how horny the guy

was. No matter how often they did it, he always seemed able to get it up again and want more. She said she was going to take a few days off to recover.

The few days turned out to be only two, but that set the pattern for the next few weeks: seeing each other for a couple of days, then not seeing each other for a couple of days. At one point, Georgia said she felt bad for Shane. She could tell that, despite her best efforts, and though he was always a gentleman about it, he was still horny.

I told Georgia I would love to have a problem like trying to satisfy a guy with a giant, insatiable cock. She got a mischievous gleam in her eye and said, "Why don't you give it a try?" I assumed she was joking, but it became clear that she was trying to convince me that I should try Shane out! Of course I kept saying no, no way, but I may not have been all that persuasive since privately I was trying to imagine what a cock like that would be like—and how it would feel.

I switched tactics, arguing that Shane would never want to fuck an old woman like me, but Georgia gave me a "you must be joking" look and told me he said he'd been lusting after me since he hit puberty. She suspected that the reason he spent so much time at my house was not to see Tracy but to

check me out.

Shocked as I was by this, I was more shocked that Georgia was encouraging me to have sex with a guy she was involved with. But the image of that supercock started crowding everything else out of my brain. Georgia, seeing me on the verge of cracking, got me to agree to come over during their next session. She said to slip in the house, and she'd leave her bedroom door open so I could see what we were talking about. I could sneak off if I liked, and Shane would be none the wiser, or I could agree to a fix-up—or I could just come on in and join the fun. She winked and said she'd be willing to bet which option I'd choose.

The day came, and I left like I was supposed to, then kept a close eye on the time. I knew I would go and check Shane out, but I was convinced I would be able to walk away and that would be the end of it. When the time came, I was trembling as I entered the house and quietly approached Georgia's bedroom. When I got close to the door, I saw that it was open a bit, and I heard a man moaning.

I worked up the nerve and looked in. Georgia had positioned Shane so I would have a perfect view. And I couldn't believe what I was seeing. She was sucking on by far the biggest cock I'd ever seen. If I combined the two biggest cocks I'd ever encountered I don't think they would equal it. His balls were big too, bigger than any I had seen.

When Georgia spotted me, she removed Shane's cock from her mouth and switched to a slow handjob—and her wrist was getting a serious workout with the distance her hand had to travel to get from the base to the top and back. I was transfixed.

So Georgia had been right: There was no way I could just walk away! After a while I slipped in the room, and Shane was so caught up in the handjob, he didn't notice me at first. When he did, he seemed stunned. I decided to mess with him by appearing cross and asking just what he thought he was doing with this innocent young woman in my house. Shane was too thrown to notice Georgia's amusement didn't notice and was stammering something unintelligible.

I looked at Georgia and called her a "cock hog" for hoarding that incredible tool when she could be sharing it with some poor deprived older woman. Georgia said she'd be happy to share, and we both looked toward Shane and asked what he thought.

The poor boy was still trying to col-





lect his wits. When he finally did he gazed back and forth between us. Looking at me, he said, "I can really have sex with you?" When I nodded, he turned to Georgia, and before he could ask anything, she nodded too. I don't think I've ever seen someone as excited as Shane at that moment.

I stripped slowly for him. His eyes were riveted to every item as it came off and sank to the floor. Georgia hadn't been kidding about him wanting me! The look of lust in his eyes was almost as erotic a sight as his cock. Well, maybe not, but I had no idea that he wanted me.

Already damp between my legs, I told Shane to lie on his back on the bed for some 69. As we positioned ourselves, I finally got an up-close and personal look at his cock. As Georgia had said, it was a bit intimidating. The idea of it stuffing its way into my snatch was daunting, but then, Georgia could handle it, so there was no way I'd back down from the challenge.

Shane dived right into my pussy, making me juice like crazy. Georgia hadn't been kidding about his tongue-work. It was indeed first-class. In return I only gave him enough head to keep him hard. When that slab exploded, I wanted it to be inside me. Soon I got a sample of Shane's fingerwork in my pussy, and after a lovely help of that, I told him it was time.

I shifted over so I could straddle him, to be able to control the tempo of that piston driving in and out of my engine. Slowly, I descended upon him. It was easy going at first, but when I hit the six-inch mark things slowed down. By the time I hit eight inches, the most I had ever handled, I started to understand what I was in for. The final inches were even more difficult, but I was patient, and lo and behold, I finally made contact with his crotch. I just rested there, enjoying the sensation. It felt so wonderful, I wanted him inside me forever.

After a while, trying to adjust to Shane's size I began moving slowly, and even I was surprised by the quick effect. Usually it takes awhile to stoke a fire stoked in my loins (sometimes it doesn't happen at all), but this was practically happening on its own, with so little motion on my part. I started riding him fast, though with short mo-

tions, only about a quarter of the way up and then down his cock. The next thing I knew, I was coming.

Shane shouted that he was coming, and I felt him filling me. He just kept coming and coming. After our mutual climax, I rested on him, basking in the afterglow. It had been so long since I had good sex that I'd almost forgotten what it was like—though even at its best it had never been like this. With his cock still inside me, Shane started sucking on my tits, which I love.

While I was still savoring that dual sensation, Shane rolled us over so I was on my back and he was on top. It suddenly occurred to me that if he had gone soft, I hadn't noticed, and in any case he was rock-hard now. This time he controlled the tempo. His hips rose up and down, thrusting more cock in me than before. It felt like he was trying to pull my insides out, but it also felt so divine that I felt like I could have gone



on for hours.

"I can't believe I'm finally fucking you," he exclaimed, and I felt the same way. He picked up the pace and force of his thrusts, until the headboard was slamming against the wall. He had me in such a state that my legs were flailing in the air. I shouted the walls down as I was treated to the most intense fuck of my life. I was so out of it that I didn't realize Shane had popped until he stopped thrusting and slumped against me, spent.

He looked at me and said no woman had ever handled him like that. I as-

sured him no man had ever fucked me like that either. As we lay there, he happened to glance at the clock and apologized, then started putting on his clothing. He went over to Georgia and kissed her, saying the two of us were the best, and departed.

So there I was, lying there with Georgia's boyfriend's jism dripping out of me. She looked at me, genuinely impressed, and said that had been incredible, especially how I handled the pounding at the end. She said she doubted she could walk right for a week if she was fucked like that, and I

told her that as you get older, you can handle things a little better, but even so Shane had taken me to the limit. I thanked her profusely for letting me have a sample of him.

While we giggled like giddy school-girls, Georgia asked if I would like more than a sample. Like I had to think about that! She said the next time Shane came over, I should be on hand, and after she had first crack at him, she'd hand him off to me. She said she'd leave it as a surprise for him; she wanted to see the look on his face when both of us were waiting for him.

Shane texted Georgia that because of work he wouldn't be able to see her again until the next evening, but then he would be able to stay overnight. That suited us fine. All I could think about was a whole night of delight. I hadn't fixated on a guy like this since I was a teenager.

When Shane arrived and saw us both waiting, his surprised quickly gave way to a wide grin. He gave Georgia a deep kiss, then came over and did the same to me. This little show of affection tickled me.

Like a starving woman Georgia, while still in the entryway, dropped to her knees, pulled out Shane's cock and sucked him off. At the same time, he drew me close and sent his hands roaming all over me, getting me all hot and bothered.

Georgia's blow job must have been good, as Shane popped in no time. As she led him by his cock to her bedroom, I went to my room and removed my clothing, then lay on my bed and played with myself. I was using my fingers and knew that, worked up as I was, I could easily bring myself off that way. But I realized that that wasn't going to prepare me for Shane's arrival, so I went to my dresser and grabbed the vibrator that had been my only bed companion for the last half-year.

I was working it in me vigorously when I heard a voice saying, "So you got yourself ready. Cool." Shane was standing in the doorway, naked and erect. How sweet Georgia was to send him to me all ready to go! Or maybe he was just that horny. I tossed the vibrator aside and beckoned him. He was on me in a flash, as if I was his first piece of ass in a month rather than his second fuck of the night.

Then he was spreading my legs and deploying that wondrous slab of meat to stretch my insides to the limit—what I'd been longing for all day. He had some serious stamina, making me come not once but twice! Then he put

my legs over his shoulders and stepped up the tempo, and made me come again. Before I knew it he was splashing my insides with semen.

Now it was his turn to want something from me. He pulled out and rolled on his back, pointing at his deflated cock and asked if I'd mind doing something about that. He would have had to fight me off with a stick to keep me from it! I went to town on him.

Now I love to suck cock, but the truth was, once I got his tool hard, I wanted it back in my pussy, where it belonged. This time he had me get on my hands and knees, which happens to be my favorite position, and fed my still-hungry pussy. Then he took me like he had the night before, with the most invigorating fuck in my life. When I came, I was pounding the bed with my fists and had actual tears rolling down my cheeks. I didn't know that any man could make me come like this.

This went on for I-don't-know-how-long, but after I came so hard that I nearly passed out, Shane said I was the hottest woman he ever had, and I got better with each fuck. Even Georgia couldn't keep up with him the way I could. He said that while Georgia was his girlfriend, he wanted me to be his woman. As if there was anything I could deny him!

After we lay there awhile, Shane said he was going to clean up and left to use the hallway bathroom. While I rested there, thinking that this was the best I'd felt since my divorce, maybe even in my life, I heard Georgia's voice coming from the doorway. I looked at her sheepishly, trying to figure how to tell her what I'd just agreed to, when she asked if Shane had made his proposition and what I had said.

I told her yes and that of course I'd said yes, and she looked relieved! She said there was just no way she could keep up with Shane on her own, and knowing that I was as hooked on his cock as she was, and there wasn't anyone else she could want to share him with, she had decided that rather than having him fool around on her, or making him live with sexual frustration, she would suggest that he try having us both as girlfriends. Of course it was the solution to my sexual frustration as well. I was thrilled at the thought of seeing how the arrangement would work out.

From that point Shane was a frequent visitor, spending as much time in my house as if it was his own. After a month he moved in. I suppose outsiders think he's shackled up with Georgia, but we three insiders know that he

treats us as equals. Oh, no doubt his relationship with Georgia is more romantic, while ours is more lust-driven; my young friend and I just have different needs.

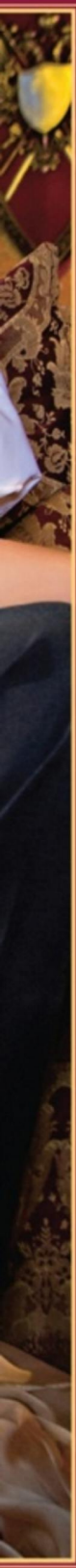
I don't know how long the arrangement will last, but for the foreseeable future the three of us are getting everything we want, and wouldn't have it any other way.—Name and address withheld



✂ PAYBACK is a BITCH ✂



Once his wife learned what he'd done, he wondered if he could ever do anything to save the marriage—and it only got worse when chance landed them in an unbelievable setting where normal rules didn't apply



Nearly a month ago my wife found out that I had betrayed her, succumbing—several times, in fact—to the temptations of a younger coworker. She was understandably furious, and I feel fortunate to be still living in the same house with Cathy.

As it happened, our kids were looking forward to a scheduled ten-day excursion to Orlando with their maternal grandparents. This became an opportunity for Cathy and me to see if we could salvage our relationship, though how exactly we were to proceed hadn't been worked out. I suggested that we just hit the road—see some sights together and try to have a good time. She agreed reluctantly, and the morning after the kids left, we set out.

As we drove that first day and the next, Cathy only brought up the subject of my betrayal once, asking how this other woman and I came to get together. I explained that it was by accident, that I never intended to cheat on her—and that was the extent of the conversation. I hadn't expected any quick reconciliation, and none happened.

We began our journey around the Great Plains by hitting some sights by design and others by chance, even setting some courses by coin flip. Since there hadn't been any sex since Cathy found me out, it was no surprise that there still wasn't during our motel nights. On the second night Cathy asked how often we had sex. I said, "About four, maybe five times." (Okay, a slight undercount.) The next afternoon she asked if I had enjoyed it, and the next day she asked how I'd feel if *she* had sex "four, maybe five times" with someone else. I said truthfully, "I wouldn't know."

Then it happened. The car was overheating, and the alternator light was on. We had a broken belt, in the middle of nowhere, with no traffic anywhere, and no cell-phone signal.

We started walking toward a large building we could make out in the distance, nestled in what seemed to be a secluded valley at the end of a long dirt road. As we approached the building, several people working in the yard all stopped and stared at us, without speaking. They followed behind us as we made our way to the massive front

door, which opened just as we got to it.

Standing in the doorway was a tall, 40-ish gentleman wearing a long, flowing robe. The thing Cathy noticed about him right away was his spellbinding blue eyes. He raised his hands to us and greeted us: "Welcome, brother and sister, my name is Abraham. I am the spiritual leader of this group. To what do we owe this visit?"

I introduced us and explained our automotive crisis. He placed his hands together and touched his chin with his forefingers, thinking awhile before finally saying, "We have a brother who is a mechanic, who works in town. We shall call him to retrieve what you need, and upon his return he will help you." Then he stepped aside and invited us inside.

Abraham clapped his hands, and almost immediately a handsome young man and a very attractive young woman wearing some sort of white one-piece jump suits appeared and bowed before their leader. He said, "These folks need refreshment after their long walk. Bring them something to drink." He beckoned us to be seated and began to tell about his group.

He told us he'd been chosen to lead his flock of followers, but neglected to say *by whom* he'd been chosen. They all lived together as a spiritual group on this large ranch that an elderly follower had left to him. There were several cabins and small trailers that families lived in, and they all took meals and had rituals in what he called the Big House, which he just happened to occupy. They all worked for the good of the group—the higher-skilled followers working in town while the others worked the farm or the grounds.

While we partook of a lavish meal, Abraham continued talking about his role in the scheme of things, adding that there was an event tonight called "the conceiving ritual" which he hoped we would attend. Cathy seemed fascinated by the concept, and especially fascinated by Abraham.

One of his minions informed him that the mechanic had arrived, and Abraham summoned him to us. He told the man to accompany me to our car and make the necessary repairs, adding, "Be sure to return in time for the ritual."

The mechanic answered, "Yes, sir!"

As we were leaving, I heard Abraham

ask Cathy, "Are you fertile?" With a questioning look, she answered, "I think so. I've got two kids." He smiled and said, "Perhaps I could convince you to take part in our ritual, yes?" She answered, "I wouldn't know what to do." He said, "I'll be with you through it all. You just do what comes natural." She said, "I'd love to be part of it."

Cathy told me later that after I left, Abraham summoned a young lady and instructed her, "Prepare her!" The young lady took Cathy to a lavish bathroom and ran a bath in the large tub, then helped Cathy disrobe. As she stood naked in front of the girl, the latter said, "He'll like that!" My thought as I heard this was: *What man wouldn't?* Although Cathy's 28, with two kids, she still looks like a high school girl. Any man would be thrilled to have her.

Meanwhile, at our car, the mechanic worked all through the afternoon, and it was nearing dark when he finished with it. We hurried back, to find the Big House full of people, and the doors locked. The mechanic, whose wife was participating in the event, knew another way in, so we quietly made our way inside, onto a balcony overlooking the huge room. In the center of the room was a large rock—no, a large *boulder*, which had a flat surface like a table top. Around the room were three other rock-tables, only somewhat smaller. Around the outer edges of the room sat 40 or 50 people, mostly men, talking in low tones among themselves.

Suddenly the lights dimmed, except for a spotlight on the center table. A moment later Abraham stepped out of the shadows dressed in a bright lavender robe and stepped toward the big table. He stopped about four feet from it and clapped his hands. Two girls dressed in skimpy outfits opened a door on the other side of the room and began escorting a woman to the rock. She was wearing what appeared to be a small white drape cloth with a hole in the center that went over her head. It was open on both sides, basically leaving her exposed to everyone.

There was a soft murmur from the crowd as the woman approached the rock. As she stepped into the light, I was dumbfounded. It was Cathy, *my wife!* I couldn't believe my eyes!

She was smiling broadly as she stood



"Abraham waved his hand as he turned to another door, and from it two well-built, tanned, virile-looking young men emerged. When they approached Cathy, she spread her legs, allowing them total access"

in front of Abraham, who nodded to the two girls and said, "Prepare her!"

They carefully lifted her "garment" over her head and helped her slide up on the boulder. Her firm breasts were standing tall, the nipples all puffy, and her cunt lips were swollen—she looked like she wanted to be fucked. (I was reminded that it had been over a month since her last time.) While she looked directly at Abraham, he pulled his robe open. A gasp arose from the crowd, along with slight applause, at the appearance of a huge member standing tall in front of him.

The mechanic whispered to me, "She must really be special. It isn't often that the leader does this."

"Oh, she *is*," I confirmed. "*She is!*"

Abraham stepped up to the boulder, whose surface was at the perfect height for him. He raised his hands and head upward and proclaimed, "I do this in your light," as the massive cockhead found Cathy's opening. He pushed in a bit and let the head rest inside her as her lips engulfed it. After a while she began to squirm on the table, thrusting up against the cock, forcing it deeper inside her. She gasped and squealed as her pussy devoured the entire mem-

ber, invoking my name and calling out, "Oh God, it feels so good!"

Abraham stood there at the rock, his nine or ten inches embedded in Cathy, for the better part of an hour, thrusting occasionally, keeping her in a state of high sexual excitement. Finally he began to stroke into her vigorously, and in perhaps three minutes, during which she screamed at the top of her lungs as she came, he planted his seed in her. When he finally withdrew, she was gasping for breath. She took his hand and thanked him effusively, saying she'd never experienced anything like that.

Abraham smiled at her and said, "Just to be certain you're impregnated, I will have two of my disciples plant their seed in you as well." He waved his hand as he turned to another door, and from it two well-built, tanned, virile-looking young men emerged. When they approached Cathy, she lay back on the slab and spread her legs, allowing them total access.

The first hunk untied the towel-like garment covering his loins and let it fall. Cathy smiled at the sight of his equipment, which was even larger than Abraham's. He strode to the rock, that giant slab throbbing visibly with each beat of

his heart, and inserted it in her juicy opening. It took only about ten minutes for this "breeder"—the mechanic told me that's what these young studs are called—to complete his task, while the other young hunk prepared to follow him. Cathy was taken aback when she saw *his* cock. It wasn't any longer than the others', but it was thicker and meatier-looking, with a head as big around as a beer can, and it was backed up by a pair of massive testicles.

Cathy was more than eager to begin, and reached up for the monster cock. My first thought was, "This is going to take awhile," and I was right, because while the two superstud were finishing with Cathy, six more breeders appeared to service other young women who were laid out naked on the other rock-tables. One of them, the mechanic informed me, was his wife, and she was good for a twofer. Her husband seemed grateful to the pair of breeders for taking care of her! And truth be told, I rather enjoyed the exhibition myself.

For the rest of the night I was put up in a camper trailer. I was told that Cathy would join me when the breeders finished with her. The sun was rising when she slowly climbed the trailer steps and

entered. I let her sleep till noon before waking her. Shortly afterward, we took leave of our host.

It was quiet in the car as we made our way back onto the highway and headed east. That is, it was quiet until Cathy woke up. The first question she had was: "Did you see any of what went on last night?"

"I saw all of it," I said, grinning, "all except for the finish with the monster young breeders."

"Are you okay with it?"

"Well, at first I was a little hurt," I said, "but when I saw that you were enjoying it so much, I kind of liked it. Is that all right with you?"

She didn't answer, but momentarily a smile crossed her lips.

As we rode along, Cathy finally broke the silence. "Okay, Abraham and the two breeders, that's three. I have two more coming." It took me a beat to figure out that she was going by my number "five." In truth, if she only knew, she had a *few more times* coming. I figured what she didn't know wouldn't hurt me!

We were trying to make it home that night, but it was simply too far. When I couldn't drive anymore, we stopped at a motel for the night. After eating a hearty meal, we weren't ready to head upstairs for the night, so we adjourned to the lounge for a nightcap.

There weren't many people in the lounge, but at the bar were two guys, both of them black, who seemed to take a shine to Cathy and weren't shy about letting her know it. While she and I played a game of pool, one of them approached the table and said, "I've got the winner," and laid his money on the table. Now, Cathy plays in a women's pool league, and I knew she wasn't likely to be beaten. After she finished me off, I watched her beat both guys, who graciously bought us drinks, then asked for a rematch and *lost again*—and then bought us *another* round!

Along about now Cathy was feeling her oats. Looking at the guys, who were back sitting at the bar, she said to me, "Well, what do you think?"

"About what?" I replied.

"Do you want to get this over with tonight?" she said. "So maybe we can go back to normal? Or not?"

Still not getting it, I said, "Sorry, I'm not following."

She got a serious look on her face and said, "There are *two* of them, right, and you still *owe me two*, right? They look just fine to me. Plus I don't know when I'll get another chance at guys like them. So what do you think?"

"You mean because they're—"

She smiled and nodded. Then she asked if I could make it happen.

I *wanted* to say, "You mean I have to be your *pimp* too?" Instead, I pondered it for a minute while looking at her, then said, "Okay, I'll give it a shot."

I called out to the guys and invited them to come over to our table for a minute. They eagerly grabbed their drinks and pulled up a couple of chairs to join us. "You guys are going to think I'm crazy," I began, "but I have a proposition for you."

have sex with her tonight in our room."

"Motherfuck!" one guy wailed. The other one cried, "Shit, you say!"

"It's a long story, guys," Cathy said, her face red with embarrassment. "But it boils down to the fact that I find myself looking for some action tonight, and you guys are really nice and really hot. And I've never fucked a black guy before. So what do you say?"

The first guy, Brendan, was bouncing up and down in his seat, while the other guy, Mack, took hold of her hand and assured her he'd do everything he



"Okay," one of the guys said, looking at the other. "Go ahead."

"I've noticed that the two of you have taken a liking to Cathy. I could tell from the time we came in—"

The other guy interrupted. "Well, yes, but look, we didn't mean anything by it. We don't want any trouble."

"No, no, you've got me all wrong," I replied quickly. "Look, there isn't any easy way to say this, so I'll just come out with it. Cathy would like . . . no, I mean we would like to . . . aw, the hell with it, Cathy wants the two of you to

could to make this a memorable experience. I told them that if we were all in agreement, I would take care of the bar tabs and they could head straight up to our room. I watched the three of them make their way out of the lounge, with everybody on the premises giving them long looks—and my wife reveling in all the attention!

It took me about ten minutes to make it upstairs, where I found the three of them already naked. As I entered, Cathy ran up to me and threw her arms around me and gave me a big kiss—the first in

over a month. She quickly rejoined the men, who resumed running their hands all over her. I picked an armchair and settled in for the show.

Brendan took Cathy's hand and led her to the bed, then laid her on it gently, with his eager erection sticking straight out. He crawled between her legs and lowered himself onto her, and she took hold of his shaft and guided it to her opening, then squealed as it entered her. I had a feeling she would remember this moment for a long time.

Brendan had been in Cathy about 15 minutes when both their bodies seemed to explode. He delivered another five or six shots before pulling out of her. Then she just lay there with her eyes closed, and Mack crawled on the bed and began to play with her tits—kissing, fondling, sucking. She stroked his erection and massaged his balls. After a while she rose up on the bed and straddled him on her knees, then took hold of his cock, which was big enough around that she couldn't touch her thumb with

which soon had her gasping and hollering. While he fucked her relentlessly, she grew hoarse from all her vocalizing. Eventually her body convulsed as she came; soon after, his balls tightened and he blew his load inside her.

While Cathy lay quietly on the bed, the guys dressed and left. I climbed on the bed beside her and congratulated her on her achievement, then kissed her good night. As I pulled the covers over her, I noted a trickle of spent come oozing out of her cunt.

Late the next morning, we drove the three hours to our house.

Back home, Cathy took a quick clean-up shower. As she dried off in front of me, I noticed that her pussy, which had always been an "innie," now had "outie" lips, stretched out of shape and protruding. The "nooner" sex we had was extra good. In fact, for the next three weeks or so the sex was simply fantastic. Then it dropped off sharply. A week later, I finally found out why.

me and wouldn't want to do anything to hurt me, but—

And there she paused. Until finally I said, "But *what?*"

"I'm sure you remember what happened last month," she said cautiously, holding my hand tightly, "and you probably know that I really liked it. I've been wanting to ask you if I could, you know, *do it again*—assuming I could find guys around here to do me."

At once I was ready to shout, "Yes!" The fact is that I'd been trying to think of a way to bring up the subject myself! Drawing her closer, I said, "I'm okay with it, if you really want to do it." Talk about understatement! "Okay with it"? *I was thrilled* with the idea! "And I don't see any problem finding suitable guys."

She responded with a resounding "Yes!" and we made our way to bed, where we discussed it further, making a plan for Friday night. We agreed that Cathy shouldn't be with men we knew socially, so we settled on her going downtown, across the railroad tracks that separate the business district from the less affluent side of town. There, in a six-block area, are about ten bars whose major clientele is factory workers and wannabe town toughs. We picked a bar for her to try first. I wanted to go along with her, but she said she wanted to go alone.

Friday night finally arrived. I took the kids to Grandma's, arriving back home in time to see Cathy fixing her hair. She had it up, in a way I had never seen it before. She was also wearing makeup, which she normally never did. She was wearing a white short-sleeve blouse and "painted on" tight shorts. When she turned to face me, I saw another first: She wasn't wearing a bra! Her swollen nipples were clearly visible beneath the fabric. She was a sight!

Suddenly I was beginning to have second thoughts about this whole business. But Cathy announced, "Kiss me for luck. I'm out of here!" And at ten minutes till ten she closed the front door behind her and was gone.

I settled in to watch TV, but my mind couldn't focus on it. About half past ten I looked at the clock and thought, "She must be there by now. I wonder how it's all going." I went to bed, thinking that if nothing happened, she'd be home by 1:30, since the bars closed at 1. When 1:30 passed, I allotted her another 15 minutes. By 2:00, though, I was sure she was being fucked by someone, somewhere. My hard-on throbbed as I lay there, until about 2:20 I heard her come in the back door.

When she reached the bedroom



her fingers. While holding it, she lowered herself onto it, then looked my way with a big smile as she began to rock herself back and forth on it.

This went on for a while, until Mack grabbed Cathy and spun around so he was on top of her. She laughed gleefully until he started really stroking her,

After putting the kids to bed, Cathy came in the living room and interrupted the ten o'clock news with news of her own. "Can I talk to you, Jimmy?" she said. I knew from the way she uttered my name that she had something serious on her mind.

She began by saying that she loved



"There, in a six-block area, are about ten bars whose major clientele is factory workers and wannabe town toughs. We picked a bar for her to try first. I wanted to go with her, but she wanted to go alone"

door, the small lamp I'd left on showed her smiling broadly, with her blouse wide open and a large hickey on her right tit. Best of all, she had a large wet spot in the crotch of her faded jeans shorts. All too clearly she had accomplished her mission!

In seconds she was in bed with me, fucking like a wildcat. It didn't take me long to empty my load in her. Afterward, as we lay together, I asked her to tell me all about it.

She began by saying how nervous she'd been sitting in her car outside the bar before getting out and venturing in. "My heart was pounding as I opened the door and entered. The place went silent. I found an opening at the bar, and a young guy named Freddy walked up and asked me if he could buy me a drink. I said sure. He never took his eyes off my tits, and I noticed a bulge developing in his pants. He was asking all about me, and finally asked if I was married. I asked if that made any difference, and he said, 'If it doesn't bother you, it doesn't bother me.'

"He kept getting bolder. When he tried to feel my tits, I said, 'Not here.' He walked me to a table way in back, and as we sat, he reached under the table,

unsnaped my pants and shoved his hand down the front. He oohed, 'That's nice!' I held onto the edges of the table while he fingered me to a climax. Afterward, I barely managed to say, 'Let's get out of here.' I pulled myself together a bit and we left.

"He said his car was in the alley. I didn't care *where* we went, just so it was someplace he could fuck me. As we approached the rear of his car, he spun me toward him, grabbing the front of my blouse and popping all the buttons off. He pulled it off my shoulders, baring my tits, and said, 'Wow!' While he sucked on them, I undid my shorts. He pulled them down, and as I pulled out of them, he opened his pants. His cock was fairly long, with a neat curve. It was covered with pulsing veins.

"He lowered me onto the trunk of his car and pushed his cockhead in me. I squealed as he entered, and soon had my legs wrapped around his back. It only lasted about ten minutes, but it was really exciting because of where we were. When he wheezed, 'Can I come in you?' I replied quickly, 'Ohmygod, yes!' And he did.

"Later, while we dressed, he asked if he could have my phone number and

maybe see me again. I reminded him that I'm married. This time *he* asked if it made any difference. I thought for a bit, then said, 'I guess I'll give you the number.' Then he walked me to my car, and now here I am."

By then I was ready again, and took advantage of Cathy's excitement.

A few days later Freddy called. By that time, Cathy and I had talked more about him and I'd asked if she thought she might get him to do her *with me present*, since just having her tell me about her escapades wasn't anything like actually watching. She was doubtful but said she'd ask him.

When Freddy called, I ran to the kitchen phone so I could listen in. He told her how much he'd enjoyed being with her, and hinted that he'd like to do it again. Again she reminded him about me, then told him that her husband not only knew what had happened but now wanted to *watch* them fuck. She suggested that we all meet Saturday night in the lounge of a local motel.

He said, "If that's what it takes to have you again, just tell me what time."

She did, and now we're both looking forward to it. I think it's safe to say that Freddy is too!—J.K., *Des Moines, Iowa*

LETTERS



How much would you pay to experience "the weekend of a lifetime"?

It all started when my friend Jake told me that for \$600 I could have "the weekend of my life." Now Jake isn't one to overstate, so naturally I wanted to know more.

He said it had to do with his son's 20-year-old ex-girlfriend April. I had met her once, a smoking-hot blue-eyed blonde who had a rack that should have been illegal. She also had expensive tastes and expected her man to do the paying, which was why Jake's son had broken up with her. She was too costly to maintain.

Jake said April had turned up on his doorstep a few days before, looking for his son. Since he wasn't around, she said maybe he could help. Turning on the charm, she explained that she was a bit short on her rent and wanted to know if he could "loan" her some money. He asked how much, and she said \$1200. He wondered how much her rent was if that was "a bit short." More to the point, he knew that any money he "loaned" her would never be seen again.

He was about to politely refuse when he had an inspiration. He suggested that instead of a loan they work out "an exchange of services" for the money. That way she wouldn't have to worry about paying him back. This excited her, and she asked what kind of "services" he had in mind. He openly checked her out, making it clear what he meant.

At first April was shocked, and Jake thought he'd made a big mistake. Then she said he needed to spell out what he had in mind. He explained that he has a cabin in the woods where he goes hunting (he often invites me along), and she would meet him there, and for the entire weekend do whatever he wanted her to, no holds barred. She had interrupted, asking, "What do you mean 'no hold barred'? For a lousy \$1200? Are you nuts?"

Jake said of course he meant *within reason*—nothing dangerous or degrading. And she'd get full payment before she left. She thought about it for a couple of seconds and agreed, almost eagerly, with a wink!

Now Jake was asking if I wanted in on the action. Of course I did, hell yeah! But I paused to ask if April would be cool with that. He said it was in the agreement they worked out. So I told him to count me in! (What I didn't tell him is that I'd probably have paid *the whole amount* for a deal like this!)

So I told my wife I'd be spending the weekend at Jake's cabin, and didn't have to tell her any more. She seemed only too happy to have me out of her hair.

On Friday I was a bit nervous—about whether April would actually show! Jake and I talked about that when we stopped for lunch on the road. But shortly after we arrived, she pulled up in her car, looking as gorgeous as ever in a white halter top and skimpy shorts that showed off her fine ass. She greeted

us each with a peck on the cheek, which got me hard as steel. This would be a weekend to remember!

We helped her with her bags and got her settled in. I wasn't sure how to start things off, but Jake cut to the chase, saying he wanted to "inspect the goods" he was purchasing. April gave a coy

look, then started removing her clothing. As each piece ended up on the floor, my eyes were riveted to her gorgeous body. When that rack came into view, I practically popped in my pants. God, her tits looked simply amazing! When she teasingly dropped her panties, her bare snatch turned my balls





blue from just looking at it.

Naturally Jake got first crack at April. He unzipped his pants and pulled out a cock that (like mine) was hard and eager for relief. Pointing at it, he told her she was a naughty girl for putting him in this state and she should take responsibility for her actions. With no hesitation she got on her knees and all but *inhaled* his entire length in one go!

This was a gal that knew her way around a piece of meat! As she deep-throated Jake over and over, he called her "a wicked little cocksucker." The look on his face was of pure delight. In short order he grabbed the back of the head, holding her in place while he was buried to the root, and told her to swallow it all. And

then I heard her gulping his juice down! When he let go his hold, she pulled away with a naughty look. She hadn't spilled a drop!

It was my turn. I was so eager to have those luscious lips wrapped around my rod that I fumbled with my zipper. By the time I got my cock out, April was on her knees waiting. I guess she'd noticed how impressed I'd been with her technique, because she performed the same disappearing trick on my rod and proceeded to give me the best blowjob ever, hands down. I wanted that mouth attached to my cock forever, but I was too wired and blew my load in hardly any time. Without my telling her to, she guzzled down every drop!

By this time Jake was up

and ready for more action. Wasting no time, the horny bastard simply took April right there on the floor! It was quite the sight seeing that dream body get the hell fucked out of it. He hammered away at her like she was his first piece of ass in months. (She might have *been*, given how frigid his wife usually is.) She cried out in ecstasy before he filled her with another load.

That sight left me eager for a proper fuck. I helped April to her feet, then walked her to the couch, where I sat down and had her sit on me. Without prompting, she grabbed my cock and impaled herself on it. Despite just being fucked, she was still nice and snug, and definitely hot to trot, bouncing up and down while her

tantalizing tits jiggled in my face. I couldn't get enough of licking and sucking them.

What little sex I have with my wife doesn't give me much practice at bringing a woman to climax, so I relished the moment when April exploded. My endurance was better this time, and when I finally popped, mostly what I was thinking of was that we still had two days to go!

After all that rapid action, Jake proposed a break in the form of a walk in the woods, and I readily agreed, knowing I would need time to, you know, *recuperate*. When April went to put on her clothing, Jake told her not to bother with anything but footgear, since it was to be a "nature" walk, as in *au naturel*. That caught her by

surprise, and she asked what would happen if we encountered hikers. Jake said that in that case they'd be *very turned-on* hikers. She seemed to like the idea of total strangers getting aroused by her.

The three of us set out, but the cabin is a bit remote and to my disappointment

while she drove her hips back on his cock just as eagerly. There was something primal in watching them rut there in the woods. I got hard without my hand going near my dick.

After Jake made April climax and came again inside her, I picked up where he left off. Feeling my oats, I

time for dinner, which we guys cooked and April served—after helping herself to an appetizer of jism by sucking us both off.

When we finished dinner, Jake and I returned the favor, making a dessert out of her pussy. Between us we ate her out for nearly a half-hour, until she was begging us to fuck her. She was so hungry for cock, we had to feed it to her pussy and mouth at the same time to satisfy her, but satisfy her we did. By that time we left her a come-covered mess.

The rest of the weekend the three of us continued screwing up a storm. Our favorites were when we fucked outside. We even played a game of "hunting" our sex kitten down. (It's a hunting cabin, after all!) It was never too much of a challenge to find April, as she *wanted* to get caught, because once we located her we treated her like a hunting trophy, mounting and stuffing her.

By the time Sunday rolled around we were all nearly exhausted. April finally put some clothes on as we paid her the money, plus a little extra for the good time. As she was about to get in her car to leave, Jake told her to wait. He had her open the car door and lean inside so her derriere was sticking out. Then he flipped up her skirt, removed her panties and gave her a good-bye fuck. When he finished, I got my final shot, draining my balls totally. I didn't think I'd have another drop of jism to spill the rest of the week.

Jake told April to leave her panties off so she could feel her drenched twat leaking come the entire way back. She smiled and did so, heading out, ending the best weekend of my life.

Recently, April informed Jake that she's going to come up a bit short again this month and wants to know if she can earn some money again. She's definitely a high-maintenance gal. Luckily we can both afford to help a hot honey like her pay the bills. Just call me generous to a fault!—*Name and address withheld*

A horny grandma is reintroduced to the pleasures of the flesh

I lost my husband five years ago, and in the years that followed didn't so much as go on a date with a man, let alone share intimacy with one. Then, not long ago, while I was at the grocery store—which qualified as "excitement" in my life—strolling down the canned-vegetables aisle, I ran into two pals of my grandson, Quinn and Bobby.

I'd always liked the boys, even if they were rambunctious, running around causing all sorts of mischief and good-natured mayhem. Not having seen each other in a while we began by catching up with what had been happening in our lives. Unlike my grandson, who had gone out of state to college, it turned out that they were enrolled in a local school—and doing quite well, they said, both with their grades



we didn't encounter anyone. I thought it would be kinky to show off our weekend plaything. Eventually we came to a clearing and Jake called a halt. He told April that since we were in the woods, it was only appropriate that we fuck like wild animals.

She caught his drift and got on all fours, even wagging her perfect bottom in offering. Jake was quick to accept. He mounted her from behind and started banging the hell out of her

rode that filly hard, and she plainly loved getting drilled this way. She clawed at the ground in a frenzy until she came, and soon after I did too, leaving us both sweaty and out of breath.

Upon our return to the cabin, Jake announced that the "no clothing" rule would remain in effect for the rest of the weekend. Then the three of us spent some quality time together. Me and Jake took turns playing with April's body, keeping her motor running until it came

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and with campus life. As we talked, I noticed that they'd changed considerably since I last saw them, becoming young men rather than the kids I remembered. It was an interesting change.

We talked for quite some time, long enough that when I noticed what time it was, I figured I should return home. The guys were kind enough to help me with my groceries to the car. I tried begging off, but they were insistent, so I accepted their offer. Not only did they help me load the car, but they went so far as to follow me home and help me *unload* it as well. Since they'd been so generous, I offered to make them a home-cooked meal, which they eagerly accepted.

I worried a touch that my

how much I had missed it.

They ended up staying awhile. We watched television and continued chatting away. I was startled when the discussion turned to my love life! Why would a couple of good-looking youngsters like them care about an old woman's dating habits? Reluctantly, I admitted that I hadn't seen anyone in years. They expressed surprise, saying they assumed that "a beautiful woman" like me would have suitors lining up outside my door. I scoffed, but their insistence that I was attractive certainly gave my ego a boost!

When it came time to refill the dishes with nuts I'd put out, I excused myself to go to the kitchen, and thought of a beautiful ceramic dish I

His idea of doing so was to take me in his arms and kiss me! And when I say "kiss," I mean he drove his tongue into my mouth and entangled it with mine. Entirely by instinct I kissed back before coming to my

senses and breaking it off. I started babbling about how we couldn't do this, it wasn't proper, and for goodness' sake they were friends of my *grandson*.

Quinn's reaction was to *kiss me again!* And this time

"I told them I'd be happy to cook for them anytime. I was enjoying the company so much that I realized how much I had missed it"

culinary skills had become rusty—this was the first time I'd cooked for a man since my husband passed away—but the guys were effusive in their compliments, saying what a nice break it was from the fast food that they usually ate. It was so nice to have some bucking up that I told them I'd be happy to cook for them anytime. For sure, I was enjoying the company so much that I realized

hadn't used in years, which I remembered was stowed away on an upper shelf. As I reached for it, I felt a hand on my bottom. I jumped and spun around in one motion, and found that the hand belonged to Quinn, with Bobby standing nearby watching. I asked what Quinn thought he was doing, and he said I seemed a bit lonely and he and Bobby had decided to rectify the situation.





I couldn't resist, and kept on kissing back. Soon after, his hands were roaming all over me—the first time in years anyone had touched me in my most intimate of places. I found myself moving into his embrace.

We made out like that for a while, until Quinn abruptly broke off the kiss, spun me around and bent me over the kitchen counter. My mind was awl as he flipped the bottom of my dress up and hooked it in my belt, then pulled my panties down and nudged my legs apart so that I was spread fully open

for him and Bobby to see.

At long last my thoughts caught up to my mouth and I asked Quinn what he was doing—knowing full well what he *intended* to do. He said no woman should have to go without cock so long and he meant to correct that. Before I could say anything else, he grabbed my hips and started working his cock in me! I couldn't believe this was happening, and far from doing anything to stop it, I did my best to relax to ease his penetration.

I had barely caught my breath when Quinn began

fucking me. That familiar motion was all it took my body to remember what a wonderful sensation it was to have my pussy stretched wide and deep. With each thrust, it came back to me how much I loved a healthy fuck. In fact, it was a different kind of fuck from what I'd been used to. Where my husband had been a gentle lover, this young stud was thrusting into me with considerable force. And I found myself relishing it!

In no time that powerful young cock produced my long-overdue first orgasm in

ages. Now, overwhelmed by erotic pleasure, I was eager to make up for lost time, and began driving my hips back with each thrust.

I was well on my way to climax number two when Quinn barked that he was coming and promptly hosed my insides. When finally he was finished, he pulled out, leaving my pussy swamped. Rather than being satiated *I wanted more*. I was awash in a torrent of lust. Luckily, Bobby seemed to sense my distress. Declaring that my pussy still looked lonely, he proceeded to stuff my aching cunt and take me just as powerfully as his friend. He also found time to pull my dress straps and bra down, freeing my tits so he could dig his fingers into them. I loved the way he manhandled them and pinched my nipples while his balls slapped against my slit.

My vocal response told the guys how much I loved their forceful attention. Quinn urged Bobby to keep fucking the hell out of me, and to my delight, he did. That second climax left me shaking; this only stopped when Bobby blew his load in me.

My young studs weren't finished yet! They escorted me to my bedroom, where Quinn stripped me, then set me on the bed, grabbed my ankles and this time shoved his full length in me in a single stroke. He kept my legs spread wide as he pounded me even harder than before. My tits were bouncing so wildly, they nearly struck my chin. Once he had filled me with another load of come,

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Bobby hooked my legs over his shoulders, then leaned forward as he entered me so I was nearly doubled over. He proceeded to plow into me with powerful strokes that made the bed shake so, I thought it might break!

oral skills were as undiminished as my culinary ones. With both guys groaning how great it felt, they were returned to rock-hardness in no time. There was no more talk about leaving.

As I sucked away, Bobby

cock, I prefer to let my pussy do the hugging. In no time I was bouncing up and down on Bobby while he again played with my tits.

Quinn left the room and returned with a tube of lotion, which he applied to his cock till it glistened. He had me stop riding Bobby and lean forward, with Bobby's cock still buried in my pussy, and he positioned himself behind me and began driving his hunk of manhood in my asshole. Before that moment I'd have balked at the idea of anal sex. Now I was eager for it! While there was discomfort at first, Quinn went slowly, and Bobby waited patiently while Quinn buried his cock in my butt, then began to work it back and forth—ever so slowly, since I was so tight.

Once I was loosened up, Quinn began to establish a proper fucking rhythm in my ass, and then Bobby joined in with some thrusts of his own from below. If I thought I was in heaven before, it was nothing compared with the pleasure of this double-dicking. As they pounded away, Quinn commented that my ass was "as hungry for cock" as my pussy and mouth. The guys fucked me for over a half-hour before giving me a double blast of their virile seed.

When they finally pulled out, I lay there in a sweaty heap, my sexual appetite at long last satiated. After that the guys left in a hurry, saying they really were late, but promised to stop by again soon, expecting that I would need their services again! In

fact, they were thoughtful enough to do so the very next day, and they've been frequent visitors ever since. They've even started bringing studly young helpers to help service me!—*Name and address withheld*

A suddenly erupting thunderstorm leads to a life-altering discovery

A week ago my comfortable suburban life was turned upside down. I came home from golf and found my wife of 11 years engaged in a threesome with neighbors from down the street.

At 37, my Anna is a five-six brunette with a dynamite body that includes truly gorgeous breasts. We have a great sex life—or at least I thought we did. I thought it was for my benefit that she wore all those short skirts, low-cut tops and revealing swimsuits, knowing how much I like to see her show off her great figure.

I've been an avid reader of *Penthouse Letters* for five years. For a long time Anna dismissed reading porn as "a guy thing," but a year ago I noticed dog-eared pages in several issues, something I don't do. My obvious suspicion was that Anna had taken to perusing the letters. My suspicion was confirmed one day when I came home and found her lying face-down on our bed, riding her dildo vigorously with the magazine open at her side.

It was such a turn-on that when she was done, we had a terrific round of passionate fucking. From then



"Quinn said he had an idea I might enjoy even more. He had me stop sucking him, then had Bobby lie on his back and told me to ride him"

After Bobby came inside me again, the guys started talking about leaving, saying they were overdue to meet friends, but I craved more, and to persuade them to stay got on my knees and went down on them. I was relieved to find that, despite their long lack of use, my

asked Quinn if he'd ever had his cock so richly serviced. Quinn said he hadn't, but he had an idea I might enjoy even more. He had me stop sucking him, then had Bobby lie on his back and told me to ride him. As much as I love having my lips wrapped around a

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Marica Hase

PENTHOUSE *Pet*™
of the month January 2013



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on, we read the magazine together, and that always led to steamy sex.

Saturday mornings I have a standing 8:30 tee time with friends at the country club, about ten miles from our house. Usually I leave home at 7:30, with Anna giving me a kiss and telling me to have a good time—and don't return till after 3, allowing time for a couple of drinks after our round.

Last Saturday, after we played the first two holes, a

sudden thunderstorm ended our match. I had no choice but to head home. As I entered from the garage, which is adjacent to the master bedroom in our large split-level ranch, I heard groaning and grunting sounds coming from the bedroom.

I crept along the short hallway and peeked around the partially open door, and saw Anna lying naked on her back while Andrea from two doors down rode her face and Andrea's husband

Barry fucked the daylight out of Anna. Since she had her legs wrapped round his waist, I had a clear view of her pussy being fucked.

Barry is a 30-year-old dark-skinned Brazilian hunk with a linebacker's body, while Andrea, 29, is a pretty blonde with firm B-cup tits. They couldn't see me, as Andrea and Barry were facing away from me and Andrea's pussy covered Anna's face. While I watched, Barry really poured it to my wife, and judging by her moans, she *loved* it. My cock got hard as I stood there.

Andrea kept calling out for Anna to keep eating her so she could come again, and Barry kept pounding in and out of Anna. When he said how he always looked forward to Saturday mornings, I suddenly understood why anytime I told Anna I might skip my golfing, she always insisted that I "go and have a good time."

Now my question was, *how long had this been going on?* While I was thinking about that, I was brought back to the present by my wife's sudden high-pitched moans. I saw that while she was still devouring Andrea's pussy, she had used her leg muscles to raise her ass off the bed and her whole torso was shaking. Seconds later Barry cried, "That's it, baby, come for me again. You love my big Brazilian dick."

Andrea, laughing, chimed in, "She may love your big dick, but she was eating my pussy long before you found out. Now, Anna, I'm going to come again. Eat me, baby!"

Seconds later Andrea arched her back and wailed as she came. No sooner had she started than Anna began emitting a moan of delight that went on for almost a minute. "That's it, baby," Andrea warbled, "suck my come out! Then you can suck Barry's cock again."

Anna licked and sucked Andrea's pussy for a couple of minutes while Barry kept his cock in her pussy. Then he pulled out, and I saw just how big he was. I was in awe. I'd never seen, or *imagined*, such an endowment! Then Andrea rolled off Anna's face, and I saw that her pussy was clean-shaved and she had large labia.

I ducked back so that I wouldn't be discovered, and heard Barry tell Anna, "Lick my cock clean, baby, and I'll take care of your tight ass while you kiss my wife and suck her tits." Anna moaned, "Oh, I'd love that, Barry," and seconds later I heard slurping sounds and Barry saying, "That's right, baby, lick every inch of it."

I watched for maybe another 15 minutes, until they all collapsed in a sweaty heap, and I decided this was a good time for me to slip out undiscovered. I got in my car and drove around for a while, thinking about what I had seen. I was so distracted that I almost rear-ended a car at a stoplight. So I drove to a nearby park and walked around, trying to decide what to do.

I loved my wife, but it was obvious that she loved Barry's cock—and Andrea's pussy. I sat in the park until

mid-afternoon and then drove home and reentered the house as if I'd just come from the golf course. There was no sign of Barry and Andrea. Anna was sitting at the kitchen table with an odd look on her face.

I tried to act natural, but she kissed me and took my hand in hers, then said she needed to know something. She led me to the bedroom, and I was surprised to see that the bed wasn't made up after their tryst. Anna stopped at the doorway, pointed at the crusty gobs of come on the door and asked, "Was that you?"

Without saying a word, I nodded slowly.

Anna's shoulders slumped and she looked very sad, but also as if a weight had been lifted off her shoulders. "Well, now you know," she said. "An hour ago, when Barry and Andrea were leaving, I stepped on gobs of wet come on the floor. Then I saw the come on the door, and I knew someone had been here. Since the doors were all locked, I figured it had to be you."

She told me to have a seat so we could talk about it. I went in the bedroom and sat on our still-wet marital bed. I just stared at the big wet spot on the sheets. Anna, seeing where I was looking, lowered her eyes. I put my hand on her chin and raised her face, then said, "Tell me about it, honey."

After a pause, Anna told me that about four months ago Andrea had come over for coffee while I was golfing. While they were sitting

around, Andrea found a copy of *Penthouse Letters* and picked it up. Anna told her that the magazine was mine but that she had started to read it too.

Andrea paged through the magazine and came to a "Girl Meets Girl" section, then read a really sexy letter out loud, and that got them both turned on. Andrea con-

the couch and their hands were freely exploring each other. Then Andrea started eating her pussy, and Anna was startled when she had a tremendous orgasm. They moved to the bedroom and made out for a couple of hours, with Anna eating a pussy for the first time in her life. She liked it, and when she told Andrea that she

yearned to do it again, Andrea agreed to come over the following Saturday while I was golfing.

That's when Anna started reading *Penthouse Letters*, from cover to cover—and started dog-earing pages with especially hot letters.

They got together the following Saturday shortly after I left for the country club,



fided that she'd had relationships with a couple of girls in college, and asked if Anna had ever had one. She told Andrea no, but she was curious about how having sex with a woman would feel. Andrea moved closer to her on the couch, and after more talking kissed her. Anna didn't fight it, because the way Andrea kissed her felt very erotic.

She said she got really excited, and before she knew it, they were naked on

"I watched for maybe another 15 minutes, until they all collapsed in a sweaty heap, and I decided this was a good time for me to slip out"

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and the second time around was just as pleasurable as the first. The third time they met it was at Andrea's, but while they were going at it hot and heavy, Barry came home and found them in a 69. He seemed upset and said the best thing she could do right now was to let him fuck her. Andrea encouraged Anna, assuring her she'd never experienced a cock like her husband's.

When Barry dropped his pants, all of Anna's hesitations were gone. She said the first time he put that huge cock in her, she went nuts from the way it stretched her and went deeper than any cock she'd ever had. She loved it, and knew she was hooked on it. She also figured out that Barry wasn't

the limit, stimulating every nerve ending in her vagina.

I told her I'd done a lot of thinking that afternoon and that I'd decided that I didn't want a divorce. I figured that having her six days a week was better than not having her at all, so I'd let her have her one day with Andrea and Barry. Hearing this, she started to cry, but it was a happy cry.

I took her in my arms and we kissed tenderly, then with increasing passion. I told Anna I wanted to make love to her, and she said, "Let me change the sheets, honey." But I shook my head and said, "No, if I'm going to share you with someone, I want to share the wet sheets too." Then I said, "After we're done, I want you to call them

following Sunday if I was interested. I'll let you know how that turns out!—*Name and address withheld*

With a little perseverance and a little luck, a double can easily become a triple.

We would like to hear tales of your titillating trios. Send your letters to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department T, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatworth, CA, 91311. Or you can send e-mail to: letters@penthouse.com

"When Barry dropped his pants, all of Andrea's hesitations were gone. She said the first time he put that huge cock in her, she went nuts"

really angry—he'd just wanted to fuck her!

From then on, the three of them got together every Saturday morning for an orgy. When Anna was having her period, she would give Barry blowjobs and let him fuck her ass while she made out with Andrea. That always drove her crazy. She said she loved having Barry's cock inside her because of the way it stretched her to

and tell them that from now on the time when you'll get together is on *Sundays*, so I can be here."

We proceeded to have some of the wildest sex ever. Anna eagerly gave me all three of her well-used openings for my pleasure. Afterward, she called Andrea and told her everything, and Andrea told her to tell me that she'd be more than willing to take care of me the



(and cocks) out there for an eager girl to experience.

There was real danger involved in all my screwing around, since unlike Peter my "hookup guys" didn't use protection. It's like I was daring fate to knock me up. I'm still amazed that I got away with it. Like I got away with cheating on Peter.

Now, as I sat talking with Mr. J—, I thought back to his classroom, especially my last week of school, when I removed my panties every day before going to his class and every day saw him develop a lovely erection, which he hid with a folder. I made sure he got a lingering look at my long pink lips nestled among my red pubic hair. All that week I left class with my pussy positively dripping.

By the last day of class I was so horny and frustrated that I had to get Peter to drive us out to a secluded place where I fucked him silly. I knew he was trying to figure out why I was so damn horny. Luckily he never asked directly, so I didn't have to lie to him.

Now, sitting talking to Mr. J— in my parents' living room, I felt the old dampness in my panties. And I felt the same frustration, knowing that even now nothing would develop. Not only was he close friends with my parents, but he'd been happily married for many years. Damn!

Still, I noticed him noticing my ample breasts filling out the T-top I was wearing along with a revealing pair of shorts. I imagined him

unable to tear his eyes away from the puffy areolae nestled in my lacy bra cups. I fantasized about him throwing caution to the winds and ripping my clothes off and fucking the shit out of me right there on the floor of my parents' living room.

I was forced back to reality when Mr. J— said his good-byes, preparing to go. I wasn't ready to give up, and walked him to his car, knowing my parents would think I was just being nice. While he didn't exactly make a pass at me like I was hoping, he asked if I'd like to meet him later for a drink. When I said, "I'd love to," he said his wife was out of town and so he had to be careful. If he was seen out with me, small-town tongues could wag. He asked if I'd meet him out at the reservoir.

I said, "No problem."

We met at eight. Mr. J— had me park behind the trees, where he'd parked, out of sight of anyone who might be passing. And he kept looking to see if there was anyone around, which there wasn't. Finally he relaxed enough to ask me to call him Josh and not be so "school-like" formal.

We found a secluded clearing and spread the blanket he'd brought, then sat down to sip some wine. When we reached our third glass, he said, "Sharon, you were quite the cock tease in my classes, especially that last week of school. You left me so horny, I was in pain."

I said, "I'm sorry, Josh. The fact was, I had the biggest crush on you, like every other



girl in school. I'd have done anything to have you."

He said he could tell that but had to be professional to keep his job—not to mention not going to jail for messing with a minor.

"I didn't want to cause you trouble either," I said, "so I didn't flash you until after I turned 18. I can tell you that

I left my last class with you so horny that I had to go out and get myself laid."

For a while we just looked at each other. Then I reached over and rubbed his bulging erection. I said, "I'm not your student anymore, Josh. Touch me, please!"

"And our spouses?"

"I know I don't plan to tell

LETTERS



A treasured fantasy from her past comes back to tempt her

When my grandmother passed, my husband and I flew to my hometown for the services and to support my mom. But after four days Peter had to return home to tend to business, leaving me to help Mom with all that still had to be done.

Actually, Gran had left the legal things in her lawyer's capable hands, so the hard stuff was done, but I wanted to be there for moral support, and I didn't want to leave Mom and Dad to deal all alone with the stream of visitors to be expected in a small town where everyone knows everyone else.

Among the sympathizers was Mr. J—, my old high school history teacher, who came by several days after Peter left. Back in the day I, like all the girls, had a huge crush on Mr. J—. I was so far gone that when I turned 18, I ratcheted my attentions up to open flirting, but alas, nothing came of it.

At that time I *did* start having sex with Peter, my future husband. And not *just* with him, I have to admit. I was already in love with Peter, but I was also discovering how much I liked sex. So I did it with a number of guys who hit on me when Peter wasn't around. After cheating on him I always sweated bullets, though. Sometimes I even wondered if the danger wasn't part of the attraction of screwing around, along with the chance to discover the variety of men

LETTERS

them," I replied. "Do you?"

Then the thing I'd wanted for more than a decade *happened*. Josh embraced me, pressing his lips to mine. It turned into a passionate open-mouthed kiss, leaving me breathless and trembling. Magically, my top and bra disappeared, allowing him to bury his face between my breasts and lavish them with kisses and tender love bites.

Getting his shirt off I popped several buttons, but I got to run my fingers through his beautiful thick chest hair.

Josh kept saying I had the loveliest breasts he had ever laid hands on. What he didn't know was that they're so sensitive, I often come just from having the nipples sucked. So he was startled when I murmured, "God, I'm coming! Oh, that's good!"

paused to ask if he needed to use protection. I said, "No! For Christ's sake, just give it to me!" He entered me slowly. His ample cock felt wonderful in me.

What a sensuous lover Josh was! He traced his whole cock lightly but continuously over my sensitive nubbin, and again had me in a state of frenzy. I thought I'd go crazy if he didn't give me release, which he finally did, just before he shot his load in me. I clung to him, moaning, "Yes, Mr. J—! I've waited so long to feel your hot come in my pussy!"

He went soft and carefully dismounted but held me while he fought for breath. Once he collected himself, he said, "You were supposed to call me Josh." I said I knew, but after all the years of fantasizing, it really was "Mr. J—" I was fucking. "Thank you, Josh," I said, "it was all I dreamed. I hope I didn't disappoint you."

"If you don't believe me when I *tell* you it was fantastic," he said, "just *feel this*," and he put my hand on his renewed erection.

"Oh, Mr. J—," I cooed, "please stuff that back in my cunt." And he did. I said, "I hope you don't mind how sloppy it is down there."

"You aren't sloppy," he said, "just slippery with natural lubricants. You're as snug and wonderful-feeling as before."

He fucked me even longer this time, again driving me to a wild climax, then blowing his nut in me. Afterward he lay by me clutching my right breast. I loved playing



"I thought I'd go crazy if he didn't give me release. He finally did, just before he shot in me. I moaned, 'I've waited so long to feel your hot come in me'"

The next thing I knew, my shorts vanished, along with my wet panties. I was ready to fuck, but Josh said, "I've dreamed about eating your pussy for years." And what a pussy-eater he turned out to be! He ate me for seven or eight minutes and had me so hot that it was a relief when I finally came.

Soon I felt the tip of his cock part my cunt lips. He

with his beautiful cock, even limp. Then he said, "Give me a little time and I think I can get it up again, sweetie."

I said, "I only have to get back before my parents get up in the morning. So just relax and let it happen."

We passed the wine bottle back and forth, sipping from it while talking so softly, you'd have thought we were in a crowd of people who might overhear! Josh said hesitantly, "You know, I'm not used to hearing a woman use the C-word."

"Why, Mr. J—," I said, "don't tell me you're too shy to say 'cunt.' Cunt is just about my favorite word. I love having men try to see mine, then getting a hard-on and wanting to fuck me. Didn't you enjoy looking at my cunt back when I used to flash it at you?"

"Yes," he said. "*Hell, yes!* I about had a heart attack when you started coming to class without panties. That week I came in my pants twice, in fact. The thing is, I've never spoken to a lady using words like that."

I laughed, then said, "Try it. You may like it! Besides, I'm not exactly a lady. My husband often calls me his 'little slut.' One day when I was at my doctor's I told him I wanted him to 'check my cunt' and he got red-faced and started to sweat!"

The next time Josh offered me the wine I refused, saying, "No, thank you, I'd rather suck your cock."

He said, "I always fantasized about having it buried in your luscious mouth."

He was already mostly

hard by the time I wrapped my lips around his cock, and he was soon fully erect. I took it deep in my mouth, unable to believe this was finally happening! He really got into it, clutching my head and pumping his hips until I felt his cockhead swell up, just as I was about to give him a happy ending.

But he pulled my head off his cock, saying, "No, please, I'd like to stick it in your cunt again to get my rocks off." He shoved it in and soon came so hard, he scared me. I was afraid I'd *killed* him! But he came around, and said, "That was the best, Sharon." A few minutes later he said, "We'd best try to find our clothes, because you've worn me out for tonight."

I drove back to my parents' after making plans to meet Josh at six the next night at a restaurant bar in a city 70 miles away. I figured I would just tell my parents I was going to spend the weekend with a friend of mine, since we weren't meeting the lawyer again until Monday afternoon.

I arrived at the bar wearing a short tight skirt with a supportive bra and button-up white blouse much like I wore to school. I was sitting on a bar stool waiting with my legs crossed, since I hadn't worn panties, when Josh walked in. He said I looked ravishing and kissed my cheek, then said, "We should find a table where we'll have more privacy." I agreed and slipped off my stool, flashing him and another man nearby my naked

pussy. Josh groaned, and as we made our way to a corner table he called me "a wicked little witch."

I positioned myself so I could flash Josh my snatch while we had drinks and dinner. As it happened, he wasn't the only man who noticed, so I wound up with a number of guys craning their heads to get a peek up my skirt.

When we finished eating, Josh said sternly, "You've misbehaved all I'm going to put up with, Miss P—. I'm going to need to see you in my office immediately." It thrilled me to have him address me the way he used to, so I said, "Yes, Mr. J—, take me there now."

The moment we entered the room in the adjoining motel Josh said, "You are in serious trouble, young lady." After seating himself in the

chair at the desk, he said, "You deserve stern punishment for your unladylike actions. Come here." I did, but when he said, "Now bare your bottom and bend over my knee so I can paddle you," I whined, "No, my daddy never spansks me."

"Do as I say," he said, "or it'll be twice as bad. Now go on and pull your skirt up and drop your panties so I can punish you."

I said, "But isn't there something else you can do? I don't have any panties on."

He grabbed my hand and pulled me closer, saying, "Pull up that skirt or I'll take it off."

I tugged it up slowly to my waist, then bent over his knee, fully expecting to feel the sting of his hand come down on my ass. Instead, though, he began rubbing my cheeks. He said, "Your





“Josh mounted me and slipped easily into me. We fucked without urgency, knowing we had the entire weekend to enjoy. His stamina was amazing”

tight little ass is simply too pretty to spank,” and proceeded to rub my ass and thighs for a good five minutes. Then he pushed my legs apart and trailed his fingertips up and down my inner thighs, lightly brushing the hair growing on my outer cunt lips. By then my juices were flowing freely, so I knew he was feeling my moistness as his fingers caressed my cunt.

He said, “This view of

your little pussy is simply heavenly, Sharon.”

I said, “Damn it, Josh, let’s quit the BS and get nasty.”

We tumbled onto the king-size bed and gave each other a quick feel before Josh mounted me and slipped easily into me. We fucked without urgency, knowing we had the entire weekend to enjoy our new-found intimacy. The sex was incredible, and his stamina was amazing. He’d fuck me

for two hours or more before blowing his wad, then be back for more much quicker than I could believe. He confessed to loading up on Viagra, but I didn’t care. He certainly satisfied me!

When we parted after that amazing weekend, Josh said I’d given him the best time of his life. I said, “I bet you say that to all the girls,” and he blushed.

Mom and I got everything finished up by Wednesday, and that night I gave Mr. J—some parting pussy before leaving for home the next morning. When I got home, I gave Peter all my come-stained panties, which I’d sealed in zipper bags. I said I had something really nasty to tell him. Needless to say, I got fucked royally while I told him about finally fucking my teacher.

About a year later I got a phone call from Mr. J—saying he was going to be attending a seminar at a college near us. Peter insisted that I invite him to stay with us, and he accepted without hesitation. But that’s another story!—*S.P., Montgomery, Alabama*

Santa has more than one surprise for a lady who’s naughty at heart

I was home wrapping last-minute gifts on Christmas Eve when the doorbell rang. I opened the door to find Santa dangling a set of keys from his hand—and there in the driveway sat the car I’d been dreaming (and endlessly pestering my husband Chuck) about! “Ho-ho-ho, Merry Christmas,” Santa said as he put the keys in my hand. He was disguising his voice, but I knew it was Chuck, who was supposed to still be at the office!

I was so excited, I pulled Santa into the house and tried to kiss him through his beard, but it was so rough and nasty, I abandoned that idea and instead quickly stepped back and stripped off my sweats and bra. He just stood there. As I slipped my panties down, I said, “You better get those baggy pants off if you want me to thank you properly, Santa.”

I turned my back, fell to my hands and knees (I like doggie-style for a quickie because it’s easy on my back; Chuck likes it because he likes to look at my tight ass) and said, “You gonna fuck me or what, Santa?”

YOUNG MEN WANTED

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An instant later he was reaching around to cup my full breasts, and I felt his cockhead nudging between my slippery lips. A split second later I got a shock—the *cock that was easing into my cunt was noticeably bigger than my husband's thick seven inches!* Soon I was being fucked so blissfully, I didn't care who was doing me. I went over the top just as Santa started blasting in my clenching cunt.

I reached up to pull his mask and beard off, but he grabbed my hand and said, "The mask stays on."

I said, "Bullshit! A woman has a right to know who's fucked her."

He let go of my hand, saying, "Okay, but don't be mad, Mrs. R—. You *told* me to."

Pulling the mask off, I was stunned to see Toby, the son of the dealer Chuck had no doubt bought the car from. Toby, who was 19, worked for his father when he wasn't away at college. I figured he must be home on Christmas break.

"Ohmygod, Toby," I cried, "why didn't you say, 'Hey, I'm not your husband'?"

"I'm so sorry," he said, "but I couldn't pass up an opportunity like that. I've fantasized about you for as long as I can remember."

"Listen, Toby," I said, "you mustn't tell anybody about this." He said he understood and wouldn't ever say anything. I thanked him and told him he should get his pants on and get out before my husband came home. As we dressed, he said, "My dad said you'd give me a

ride back to the garage, to give you a chance to try out the car, but I'll call and tell him you just got home and don't have time to bring me back, then take a cab."

I thanked him and apologized, saying I really had to shower before my husband came home, so he didn't find me smelling like sex. When I saw Toby out, I gave him my private number at work and said to call me and

we could arrange a meeting. I said, "I'd love a chance to fuck you properly."

Chuck got home 45 minutes later. I heard the garage door opening and met him at the door. I threw my arms around him and gave him a big kiss, then said, "You are the best man a woman could find." He said, "I take it you like the car?" I said, "I *love* it, and thank you so much for the surprise."

When he asked if I'd driven it, I said, "Not yet," and I explained what happened, telling him *everything*. "That boy is really hung, and it just felt too good to stop. Would you like to have some really sloppy seconds?"

In a flash we were up in our bedroom. I threw back the covers and stretched out on my back while Chuck undressed, then knelt beside me, his cock so hard, it was throbbing. He peeled my wet panties off and, looking at my pussy, said, "That kid left you a real mess."

I flexed my vaginal muscles, expelling more semen. Chuck groaned and said, "Sorry, honey, no time for foreplay, I've got to have some of that now. He mounted me and penetrated me easily, then fucked me with long, slow strokes. 'Damn, honey,' he said, 'I can't believe how hot you are.' With that, he exploded in me!"

I noticed that Chuck was still half-hard, and figured I could get him back in game condition easily enough. I could and did, and he did me again. After he came the second time, I said sheepishly there was just one more thing I hadn't told him. He asked what, and I told him I'd told Toby I wanted to get together with him again before he went back to school, to fuck him properly. "I hope you're not mad. He's just so young and innocent and adorable. I bet I can teach him a thing or two!"

Chuck laughed and said, "You're a real humanitarian. So the kid's really hot, eh?"

"Yeah, he is," I admitted.



"I just hope the little fucker knows how lucky he is."

"Oh, you can be sure I'll make sure he does," I said.
—N.R., Portland, Oregon

She decides it's time to do more than just get a rise out of horny guys

When I married Lauren five years ago, one of the things I really loved about her was how she enjoyed showing off her dynamite body (five feet nine, 130 pounds, 36C-25-33), which just screams sex appeal. Now she's approaching her 30th birthday, but she hasn't let that stop her one bit. She knows I love it when she struts her stuff, and she has become even bolder with age.

The last couple of years when we went out for the night, Lauren rode in the car with her skirt almost to her



"We love reading *Penthouse Letters* but decided that just reading about other people's adventures wasn't enough. We wanted to have our own!"

pussy so people could see. And sometimes they'd see her rubbing my cock through my pants. Then we would go home and make love into the wee hours.

This spring Lauren kicked her exhibitionism up another notch by riding in her Mustang convertible dressed in very short skirts and low-cut

blouses to show off her long, shapely legs and her magnificent chest. Like my sex kitten would put the top down to go shopping and deliberately let her skirt ride up so her thong panty and/or her pussy was "accidentally" bared to anyone in a vehicle riding higher than hers.

Several times she came

home all horny and told me how some good-looking guy caught her rubbing her clit or fingering her pussy while she was stopped at a light. Once, with a hot guy in a pickup alongside, she pulled her fingers out of her pussy and licked them while he looked on; then she made a left turn and hit the gas.

When Lauren tells me about these things, we both get so turned on that we jump in bed and fuck for a couple of hours. She regales me with the details of what the men saw and how they reacted because she knows it turns me on. If she told me the guy was good-looking, I often whispered in her ear that she should picture

that it's *the guy's* cock that was in her right then. That sort of thing usually sent her into an orgasmic frenzy.

We both love reading *Penthouse Letters* and look forward to each month's batch of wicked stories. We only have to read one or two letters aloud and we're having wild sex. We spend Saturday mornings almost entirely in bed making love.

Two weeks ago last Saturday we decided that just reading about other people's adventures wasn't enough. We wanted to have our own! It happened that that day we were having two reclining chairs and a sofa-sleeper delivered for our basement makeover, which Lauren

LETTERS

thought might be a perfect opportunity. We decided to watch for the delivery, and if the delivery men looked good to her, she would take them on while I hid in the storage room and watched.

Just a couple of days before, Lauren had purchased a pair of powder-blue yoga pants that fit her shapely ass and legs like a second skin and were tantalizingly sheer—her black thong was visible through the material, and her pussy slit was well-defined. She was also wearing a filmy black under-wire bra that had her tits all but popping out of the top of her tight tank top, and her hard nipples were poking out like large-caliber bullets. She looked like a wet dream.

At ten the truck pulled up



"Everyone undressed frantically. The driver's cock looked to be about seven inches long, and Gary the Latino's was even longer and thicker"

and two guys got out. The driver was a muscular dark-haired guy in his mid-30s. The other guy was a super-athletic Latino in his early 20s. "God, honey, they're gorgeous!" Lauren gushed. "Let's do it!" I told her to go for it, then ran down to the storage room and hid, leaving the door slightly ajar.

The doorbell rang, and I heard Lauren talking briefly with the guys before leading

them downstairs to show them where she wanted the furniture. I saw the guys staring at her ass as she moved around the room, and when she turned toward them, their eyes were glued to her thong and hard-nippled tits.

She led the guys back upstairs, giving them a good close-up view of her tight ass. A few minutes later she led them back down carrying a recliner. When they set

it down, she made a production of bending over for a long time as she inspected it for defects or damage. Then she sat in it and made it recline—*with her legs parted!* They had to be able to see the outline of her slit.

The guys went back up and returned a few minutes later with the other recliner, and Lauren repeated the inspection process. I could see a wet spot forming on her yoga pants, and I was sure the guys saw it too, because when they turned to go back upstairs for the sofa-sleeper they had tents forming in their pants.

While the guys were out at the truck Lauren came to the storage room and raved, "God, honey, my pussy's leaking like a sieve." She gave me a quick kiss while

squeezing my hard cock and told me to beat off while I enjoyed the show she was going to put on with the men.

Several minutes later they brought the sofa down, and Lauren showed them exactly where she wanted it. Once it was in position, she had the driver show her how to open the bed up. When he had it open, she crawled on it and rolled onto her back with her legs parted seductively. She smiled at the guys and patted the mattress while purring, "It feels nice, but I think there's only one way to really tell if it's worth all we paid, and that's to try it out. Why don't we all get naked and give it a test?"

"Fuck, lady," the driver said, "we hoped you'd say something like that. Gary and I have wanted you from

the moment we saw you."

She said, "Grab that mattress pad over there and help me put it on. It's waterproof, so my husband won't see any stains on the mattress. He won't be home for a couple of hours at least."

The driver grabbed the pad, and as Lauren rolled off the bed, he and Gary set the pad on the mattress. She was already removing her top, and now went up to Gary the Latino and said, "I just love your dark coloring. You've got my pussy soaking wet." She kissed him and grasped his cock through his pants. "Ooh, it feels like a beauty," she squealed. Then she went back to kissing the driver and groped him too. When the kiss was done, she said in a throaty voice, "God, this is going to be so much fun! Hurry and get naked, boys. We're wasting time."

Everyone undressed frantically. The driver's cock looked to be about seven inches long and nice and thick, and Gary the Latino's was even longer and thicker. When he saw Lauren's naked body, he exclaimed, "Motherfuck, girl! Your old man is lucky to be fucking something as fine as you. If my woman had your body, I'd be fucking her all night long every day."

"Well," Lauren said, "you boys look good enough to eat," and dropped to her knees to do just that, starting with the driver. She ran his shaft over her face several times, then took two-thirds of it in her mouth. She had him positioned so that I



could see her cheeks hollow out and knew she was sucking him. In seconds he was groaning, "Fuck, lady, you sure know how to suck dick!"

I pulled *my* cock out and started jerking off. Lauren started massaging his balls while she sucked him, and he didn't last more than a couple of minutes. With a howl, he pushed his cock in her face and held it there. She let out several moans as she swallowed his load. When she was done, she kissed the tip of his cock, then licked his shaft and balls for a minute, then said, "I hope you get hard again real quick so you can fuck me with that thing."

Then she turned her attention to Gary's cock hanging down from his muscular body like a broken-off tree branch. Opening her mouth as wide as possible, she

eased about half of it in her mouth. Then her cheeks hollowed out again, and Gary groaned, "Fuck, man, this gal knows what to do with a big cock! Take it, baby, and make me come." As her head went back and forth on it, he tried to bury it deeper.

Lauren dropped a hand to her pussy and rubbed her clit rapidly while continuing to suck Gary off; her slurping noises were even louder than his groans! He didn't last long either, and when he told her he was going to come, her right hand became a blur on her clit. He started coming, and as she swallowed his first couple of spurts, *her* orgasm hit. She yanked his cock out of her mouth and cried out. His next few spurts shot over her chin and neck. She fell back against her feet quivering, and when I saw Gary

spraying the last of his load over her face, I lost control and shot *my* load all over the door and floor.

Lauren sat there a minute trying to regain her breath. As she did, she scooped up Gary's come and ate it. Then she got up and rolled onto her back on the mattress. The driver, with his cock already revived, said, "Man, we're going to be way behind on our schedule, but I can't pass this up. I've got to fuck that pussy."

Lauren spread her legs really wide, and he crawled between her thighs insisting he was going to fuck her senseless. She said, "Don't talk. *Show me!*"

He ran his cock along her slit a couple of times, and she gave a deep guttural moan. Then he pushed in, and she gasped, "Oh fuck! Oh fuck!" He declared,

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"Your pussy is tight, but I'm going to loosen it up. He shoved his whole cock in her, causing her to arch her back and cry out, "Oh God, I love it! You're so big! Fuck me, baby!"

While the driver fucked away, Lauren kept moaning and saying how good it felt and how he was stretching her pussy walls. Gary moved in closer, and Lauren was able to grab his cock. He took the "hint" and knelt on the bed by her head, which she tilted back, opening her mouth as wide as possible and taking about half of it in her mouth. She sucked him while the driver kept pounding her pussy. But after maybe a minute she pushed the cock away out of her mouth and let go a high-pitched wail while she arched her back. She kept this up for the longest time, then just lay there panting, trying to regain her breath, while the driver kept fucking her.

The driver kept pounding away at Lauren, and I heard their wet bodies slapping together. In less than a minute she started wailing again as another orgasm swept over her. As it did, she thrust her legs and arms around the guy and pulled him tight to her until she was done. That pushed *him* over the edge! He gave a loud grunt as he pushed all the way inside her and held still, then growled, "Here it comes, sweetheart."

Their bodies remained pressed together until Lauren let go of him. Then he withdrew and moved aside so Gary could take his place.

Again I was so aroused that my cock was as hard as steel, and I started jerking off again.

Gary crawled between Lauren's legs, looked at her and said, "Baby, you ready for some Latin loving?" She smiled and quickly nodded. "Girl," he said, "I am going to open your pussy up real wide." He grasped his cock with one hand and aimed it at her dilated slit. She raised her head so that she could watch. He pushed, and half his big cock disappeared in her. She cried out, "God, that feels fantastic! You're so fucking big!" And God, did they look hot, with the contrast between her white skin and his darker color.

Gary grinned and said, "Baby, we're just getting started. I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked." Then he gradually slid the rest of his shaft in her, leaving her moaning, "Oh fuck, oh fuck, I love it! You're so fucking deep!" Hearing that made me lose it. I sprayed a second, smaller load all over the door.

With that athletic body of his, Gary fucked Lauren powerfully, reducing her to babbling about how good it felt. He slowly increased the speed of his thrusts, and it wasn't long before she came yet again, wailing her head off. And he just kept plunging in and out of her like the piston of an engine. He lasted a good ten minutes, with Lauren babbling incoherently the whole time.

Gary's partner kept telling him to hurry because they were way behind schedule.

He replied, "Fuck that, man! Some things just can't be hurried." Finally he growled, "Baby, I'm coming now," and she cried, "God, yes, please fill my cunt!" He gave two or three more powerful thrusts, then buried himself in her and held there until he filled her up. Then he rolled off.

and take care of it."

Shortly afterward, when I heard the front door close, I came out of my hiding place holding my raging hard-on in my hand. I stared at my naked wife lying on the bed in a dreamy state, with her chest, neck and face coated with a sheen of come and



The driver, pretty agitated, told him they were now over an hour behind schedule. As the guys dressed, Gary handed my wife a pen and clipboard while she lay on the bed and she signed the papers. As the guys were leaving, Gary called back to her, "Lady, anytime your pussy needs it, you just call us and we'll be glad to come

more come seeping out of her dilated pussy. There was a huge wet spot on the mattress pad under her.

I crawled next to her. She smiled weakly and asked if I liked the show. I kissed her and told her I'd come twice while I watched, and now I had *yet another* hard-on. I told her her performance was the wildest and most

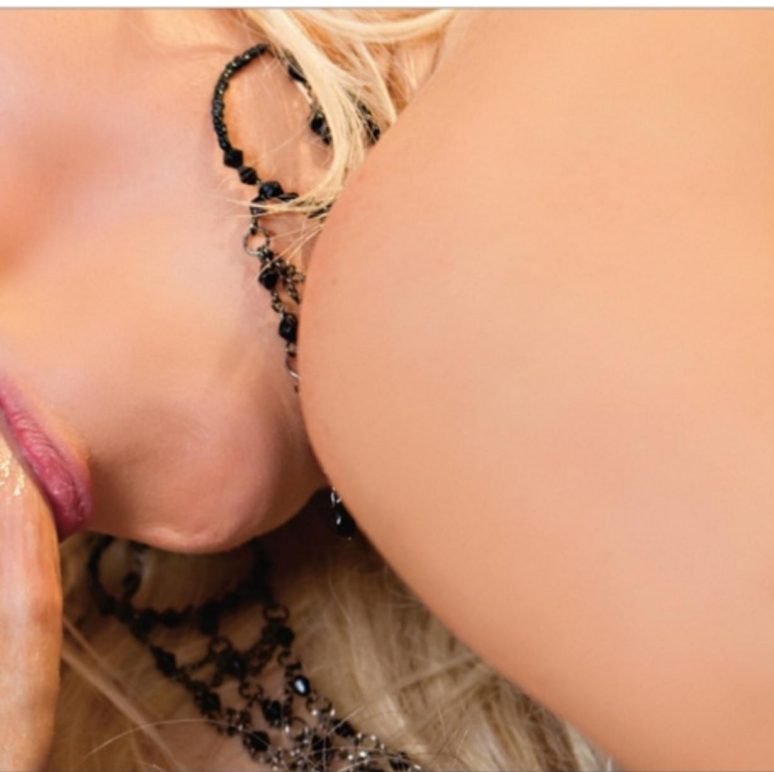
erotic thing I had ever seen, and I wouldn't mind seeing her doing something like that again.

She moaned and asked if I wanted to take a turn in her stretched pussy. I took her in my arms, kissed her and said, "More than ever."

"Then make love to me,"

squishing sound that reminded us of all the come she had already taken in. After we both came, we just lay there for a long time, on the come-soaked mattress pad.

Lauren admitted that she kind of liked the idea of having another threesome, and said she would do it again if I



"She asked if I wanted to take a turn in her stretched pussy. I kissed her and said, 'More than ever.' 'Then make love to me,' she purred"

she purred. "Add your come to theirs."

I crawled between her slick thighs and we had the wildest sex ever. Her pussy was somewhat loose from all that high-powered fucking, but I loved the sensation of my cock swimming in the guys' come. It felt like I was in a vat of melted butter. Every thrust produced a

wanted her to. She added, though, that if there was to be a next time, she wanted me to be one of the men fucking her, so she could pleasure me while another man was pleasuring her.

We discussed the possibility of joining a swingers' club, and while we didn't rule it out, Lauren said that for now she would feel more

comfortable if we tried picking up a guy who she was attracted to at a bar and had a threesome with him. After we did that one or more times, she said, *then* maybe we could look for a group if we felt like it. That sounded just fine to me. Believe me, I'm ready!—*Name and address withheld*

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Pretty things

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Girls just love lingerie. The silky, frilly feel of it on their skin makes them feel desirable and sexy. Such is the case with these gorgeous creatures. There's just something about a pretty bra and panty set that makes you go buck wild!

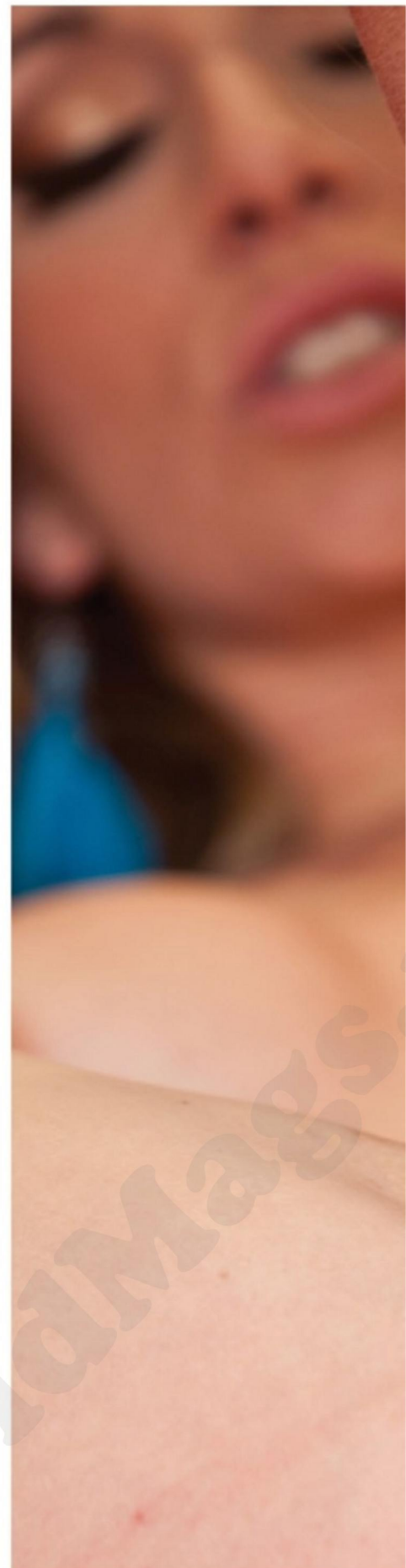






Beautiful, bouncy boobs encased in such alluring material won't go unnoticed—or be left alone!—for long. And once the gift of gash is revealed below, watch out! These luscious ladies can't get it on fast enough. Get to it, gals! We don't mind watching the show!

Often what lies beneath even the most beautiful lingerie is just as good as, if not *better* than, the pretty package that contains it. So carry on, you sexy bitches!





SPOTLIGHT ON

Someone's Watching

She and her husband used the dildo to fantasize about other men, until they decided to bring in the real thing

Julie and I are both 30 years old, and have been married for six fantastic years. My gorgeous wife has always had a large appetite for sex, and because of that we make love on a daily basis. In addition, because of her strong sex drive, we've purchased numerous sex toys for her, so she can masturbate whenever the urge hits her, which is often.

From the beginning I really enjoyed watching her masturbate. I would swing my body around on the bed to get a close-up view as I watched her push a large dildo deep inside her pussy. I would be mesmerized at the sight of that imitation dick disappearing inside her body. It would excite me so much that I would start jerking off myself. My doing this, in turn, would turn her on even more, and we'd both end up coming like crazy. Frequently I would masturbate with my cock just inches from her face, and when I was on the verge of coming, she'd take my erection in her mouth and suck it ravenously until I shot my load down her throat.

I soon began fantasizing that whatever dildo she was using was actually another man's cock. When I mentioned this to Julie as we were playing around one night, she went ballistic. Her thrusts became more aggressive, and when she came her orgasm was incredibly intense.

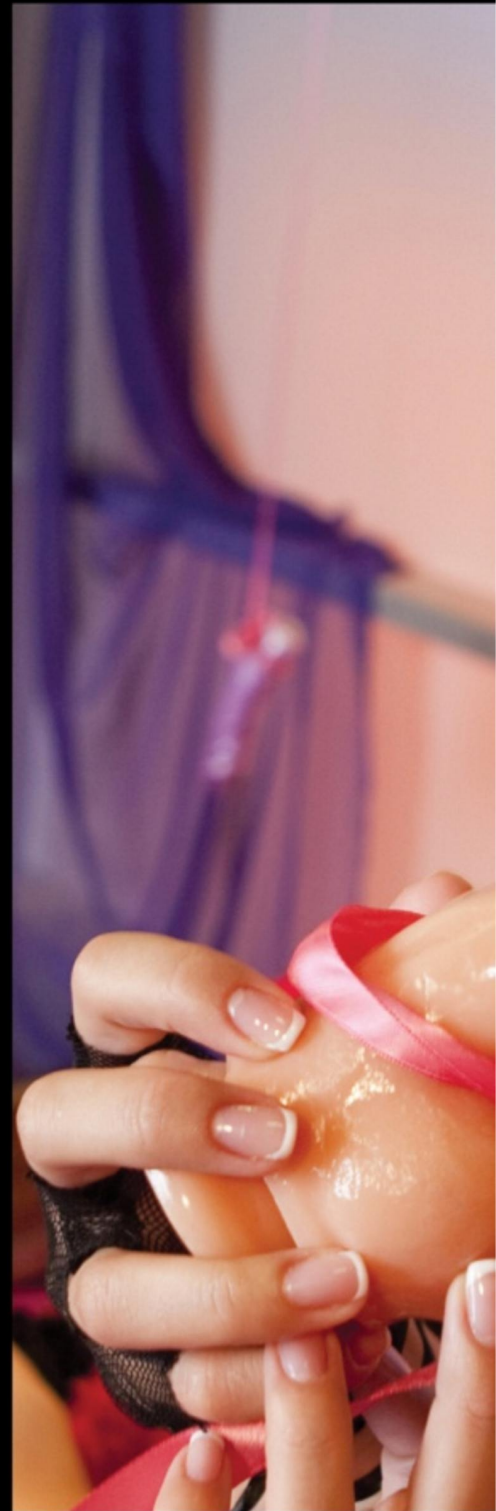
Shortly after that Julie and I went to a sex shop, where she purchased an 18-inch-long two-headed dildo that was as thick as her wrist. As soon as

we got home she rushed into the bedroom, stripped off her clothes and got on her back on the bed, spreading her legs wide. Then she slowly worked one end of that thick cock deep inside her pussy while I quickly took off my own clothes.

I couldn't take my eyes off my wife's pussy as she began to fuck herself rhythmically with that thick make-believe cock. It wasn't long before she screamed out loud as she was overcome by an earth-shattering orgasm that caused her body to shake violently. I was so horny that I wanted to fuck her right then, but she breathlessly told me to hold off, because she wasn't done with the dildo.

I got onto the bed and lay down beside her, with my face a foot away from her crotch and my very hard dick on a level with her head. As I did that, Julie pulled the dildo out of her pussy and rolled onto her side to face me. She then inserted the other head into her cunt, and wagged the end that had been inside her at my face. It glistened with her juices as she aimed it at my mouth. I felt the wet tip of it against my lips as she purred, "Suck his cock clean, honey."

I opened my mouth, and she pushed about six inches of that warm latex dildo into it. "Suck the cock that's been fucking me," she urged, and I felt a surge of lust as I began to do just that. After a minute she started fucking my mouth with the toy, while at the same time taking my cock down her throat. She sucked me like never







"I told her I loved her, but that for some reason I was fascinated by the thought of a big dick stretching her labia as it disappeared inside her body"

before, and as she did so her pelvic thrusts became more forceful and urgent. Every so often, when she thrust forward, I had to bite the dildo too keep it from pushing too deep into my throat. When I did this, the other end would push deeper inside her pussy. If I kept biting it as she pulled back, it gave her the sensation of actually being fucked, which set her off even more. I don't think either of us lasted more than a couple of minutes before we both climaxed explosively.

After Julie came down from her orgasm, she sucked my cock until I was once again hard as a rock. I then swung my body around, pulled the dildo from her pussy and shoved my seven-inch dick all the way inside her, and we fucked like wild animals until we both came again.

We were both covered in perspiration and gulping for air as I rolled off her. When she was finally able to talk, Julie gasped out, "Wow, that was unbelievable! You came in buckets!" All I could do was nod. We held each other for a long time, and after a while Julie asked me why I had started fantasizing about the dildos being other men.

I hesitated for a moment to think out my reply. Then I told her that I loved her more than anything, but that for some reason I was fascinated by the thought of a big dick stretching her labia as it disappeared inside her body. I told her that since I couldn't get a good view of my own cock stretching her as we fucked, I just thought of the dildos as real dicks, attached to real guys.

Julie stared at me for a long moment. Then, in a low voice, she asked me if there was anyone in particular who I thought about in that connection—anyone who especially turned me on when I thought of his cock going into her.

I knew right away that this might be some kind of turning point for us, and I didn't answer her for a long time. But actually I didn't have to think too hard,

because the first person who came to my mind was Lars, my best friend and regular golfing buddy. He'd been over to our house countless times, and I knew that he and Julie liked each other. I also knew, from when we had taken gym class together in high school, that he was hung like a horse.

When I mentioned Lars's name to Julie, she gave a short gasp, and I saw something flash in her eyes. It was obvious that she was not displeased by my choice.

By now my cock was hard as steel again, and when Julie saw that she whispered, "Watch me fuck Lars's cock now, darling." With that she rolled onto her stomach and parted her legs. I swung around as before so I could get a close-up view as she slipped the dildo deep inside her.

Her pelvis began to move up and down, and soon she was moaning and saying, "Oh yes, Lars, fuck my pussy really good! Push your cock deep inside me!" As she increased the tempo of her thrusts, she kept cooing about how good Lars's cock felt inside her, and how badly she wanted him to come in her pussy. That got me hot as hell, and I started jerking myself off. At that point my dick was so close to her mouth that I could feel her warm breath on my shaft and balls.

We went at it like that for several minutes, and when Julie sensed my impending release, she cried out for me to spray my come in her face while Lars came inside her. When she said that, my cock erupted and my sperm splashed all over her face. That set her off, and she screamed at the top of her lungs as she was overcome by an incredibly long, intense orgasm.

Almost before she had fully recovered from her climax, Julie pulled the dildo out of her pussy and offered the slick head to me, saying, "Clean Lars's cock for me, honey." Which I proceeded to do with my mouth and tongue, while she fucked herself to another orgasm with the other end of the toy.

For the next couple of months Julie used that two-headed dildo to pleasure herself on an almost nightly basis, and each time she'd have me suck her juices off one end while she fucked her pussy with the other. And each time she would pretend that Lars was fucking her. Then we would rut like two wild dogs until both of us were

proceeded to give me an inspired blowjob. It was the first session we'd had in a long time in which the dildo was not put to use.

The next day I called Lars and invited him on the camping trip. He said that he didn't have a tent, but I told him that that was no problem, as our tent was big enough to sleep eight



totally spent. Julie was insatiable, and so was I.

One night about two months ago, as we lay in bed, Julie and I were talking about a camping trip we had planned for the following weekend. We always enjoyed going camping, and sitting out under the starry skies usually led to some really great sex. As we made our plans, I was struck by a sudden impulse, and before I could stop myself I blurted out the suggestion that we invite Lars to go with us.

Julie gasped sharply, and then gazed into my eyes as if to read my thoughts. I looked back at her, letting her know wordlessly that we were both thinking the same thing. "Maybe you can use something besides your dildo," I told her. Julie moaned and reached for my turgid cock. She then

people. He finally accepted. I then told him I was sure he wouldn't regret it, but I don't think he really had any idea of what I meant.

Julie and I both took off from work on Friday and packed up my crew-cab pickup truck. Julie wore a pair of tight black shorts and a white tube top that struggled to contain her D-cup tits. The sunlight made her areolae visible, and her nipples stuck out like two large-caliber bullets. She was so excited she could hardly keep her hands off me.

That afternoon we picked Lars up at his house, and he sat in the rear seat as I drove. Julie, sitting beside me, turned herself halfway around so she could talk to Lars, giving him a great look at her body for most of the two-hour trip.

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"Julie laughed. 'Don't be silly, Lars,' she told him. 'You've been staring at my tits and ass all day, so why should I hide them now?' With that she pulled up her top"

The rather primitive campground we favored catered to tent campers rather than travel trailers, and was generally not very populated. As I drove through the park we came upon a shady, pleasant-looking site not far from a small lake. There were two good-looking young guys who looked like college boys unpacking their gear two sites away, and when she saw them Julie smiled slyly and said we should definitely camp here. We got out and started setting up our large tent. As we did so I was aware of the young guys frequently eyeing my sexy wife. I inflated our queen-size air mattress, and Julie made the bed while Lars set up his sleeping bag. Then we broke out some of our provisions and had dinner.

That night the three of us sat in front of the campfire, roasting marshmallows and drinking wine. All night long I could sense Julie's sexual excitement, which was evidenced by the fact that the nipples beneath her tube top never softened. After her fourth glass

of wine, Julie began making suggestive remarks. Lars looked over at me in surprise, but I just smiled. Finally, at about 10:30, she came right out with it, saying, "I think the three of us should go to bed now, while it's still early enough for some fun."

Probably unsure if he had heard right, Lars courteously offered to wait a few minutes, so as to give Julie some privacy in preparing for bed. Julie just laughed. "Don't be silly, Lars," she told him. "You've been staring at my tits and ass all day, so why should I hide them now?" With that she pulled up her tube top and began tweaking her hard nipples. "Wouldn't you like to suck on these tonight?" she asked him. "I hope you'll do a lot more, too. Come on, guys, I've been horny all day and I need a good fucking!"

Julie said that so loudly that I looked over toward the two young guys at their campsite a hundred feet away. They were sitting by their fire and staring at us—especially at my



wife's exposed tits, nicely illuminated by our own fire.

Lars looked at me again, and when I just nodded at him, he was out of his seat in a flash. The three of us rushed into our tent, and Julie turned on our battery-operated lantern. Then she swiftly peeled off her shorts and tube top, standing there in just a pair of black lace panties. Lars let out a groan and began tearing off his clothes as if they were on fire. When he dropped his briefs it was Julie's turn to moan, because there before her was a stiff 10-inch cock that was as thick as a beer bottle.

"Oh God, what a cock!" she said breathlessly, and moved forward to take it in her hand. I stripped off my clothes and stood there with my own rock-hard dick sticking straight up, in anticipation of actually watching my wife giving herself to another man.

As Julie began stroking Lars's manhood, their lips came together in a steamy open-mouth kiss that seemed to go on forever. When it ended, Julie

sank to her knees, still stroking him. His cock was leaking precome, and my wife leaned forward and slowly licked the droplets off it as though she were licking an ice cream cone. Then she opened her mouth as wide as possible and took about half of his dick inside it. Slowly she began sliding her mouth back and forth on that long thick shaft while her right hand cupped his large balls, bringing a moan from Lars.

This went on for a couple of minutes, during which Lars moaned continuously about how good her mouth felt. He was soon running his hands through my wife's hair and pulling her head closer to him in an attempt to feed her even more of his massive pole. She gagged a couple of times but kept right on sucking him, until he let out a loud growl and stiffened, thrusting his hips toward her head. I knew he was shooting in her mouth, and I could see her throat moving as she greedily gulped down his load as fast as she could.

When Lars was finished, Julie stood up and turned to me, then kissed me with her mouth open. She then used her tongue to feed me some of Lars's come, and as I took it her kiss became even more forceful and urgent. When she finally broke away, my wife looked into my eyes and purred, "That's what my pussy's going to taste like in a few minutes."

At that point she moved to one of her bags and pulled out her trusty two-headed dildo, then plopped herself down on the air mattress and spread her legs, running one of the heads along her glistening slit. As Lars stared at her, she smiled at him, saying, "This is what I want that big cock of yours to do to me."

With that she pushed the dildo inside her, letting out a loud moan as it sank about halfway into her pussy. Then she rolled over onto her stomach, spreading her legs so that we could both watch her cunt lips being stretched by the thick sex toy. She began thrusting that thing in and out of her, moaning with each stroke, until her moans turned to wails as an intense orgasm swept over her. Her body shook uncontrollably, and her cries were so loud that I had no doubt the young guys two campsites over could hear her.

Once Julie stopped shuddering, she pulled the dildo out of her pussy and offered it to me, saying, "Suck it clean, honey." As Lars stood there staring at me, I did just that. Then my wife rolled onto her back and spread her legs as wide as possible, giving Lars a good look at her dilated cunt. She was still breathing hard from her orgasm, but she obviously wanted more. "Fuck me, Lars," she panted. "Fuck me with that big cock, so my husband can watch you make me come!"

Lars didn't need to be asked twice. He dropped onto the mattress and moved between my wife's legs, rubbing the tip of his cock against her wet

their way I saw them staring at her lustfully.

As we sat at the picnic table having coffee, I whispered to her that the two guys knew what we had done the night before. She just grinned and said, "Well, I hope they enjoyed the show, because I sure did." She glanced over at them again, then gave me a sly look as she added, "Actually, they're cute enough to fuck." When I said half-jokingly that I was sure they

would jump at the opportunity, she looked at me speculatively and asked, "Are you saying that you want to watch me fuck them too?" Then, before I could say anything more, she stood up and walked over to the two guys' campsite.

A few minutes later, Lars crawled out of our tent, looking pretty worn down. He saw Julie talking to the two guys and asked what that was about. I told him that she was probably inviting

them to fuck her. His eyes went wide, and he asked if I was serious. When I said yes, he shook his head, saying that he didn't know why I was letting my wife fuck around, but he was sure glad of it, as she was the best lay he'd ever had.

Julie was still talking to the two men, and it was obvious that they were flirting. A few minutes later she came back, informing us that the guys' names were Burt and Steve, and that





"He held still for a few moments, letting her adjust, but before long Julie wrapped her long legs around his thighs and told him to fuck her, for God' sake"

slit. I don't know how he was able to restrain himself from plunging directly into her, but he teased her pussy a little longer with the head of his prick, until she was pleading with him to fuck her.

Lars then gave a slight push, and about three inches of his dick disappeared inside my wife's pussy. Julie closed her eyes tightly as she arched her back and cried out, "Oh fuck, yes!" I saw that her labia were stretched like rubber bands around his massive cock. Lars held still for a moment and then pushed further into her. She gave another, louder cry. "Oh God, I love how it feels in me!" she wailed. "Don't fucking stop!"

Lars didn't stop. A minute later the full length of his dick was buried inside my wife, as she repeatedly groaned out how she loved what he was doing to her. At that point he held still for a few moments, letting her adjust to his size, but before long Julie wrapped her long legs around his thighs and told him to fuck her, for God's sake. And he did so, starting with long, slow strokes which gradually got faster and stronger as she kept begging him to fuck her hard and deep.

For the next 15 minutes the two of them gave that old mattress the most intense workout it had ever received. Lars sucked on Julie's tits the whole time he was fucking her, and Julie had several very forceful orgasms. After a while she was babbling incoherently as he continued to ram into her, and each time she came she shouted so loud that I was afraid the whole campground would hear her.

Finally Lars announced that he was going to come. When he shot his seed inside her it set Julie off once more, and her body convulsed violently as she climaxed yet again. Then Lars collapsed on top of her, and they kissed for a while.

When they stopped, Julie looked at me and asked me if I wanted to eat Lars's come out of her pussy. When I

said yes, she told Lars to roll off of her, then once again spread her legs wide. I could see the white trickles of come leaking out of her dilated pussy. I quickly dove between her legs and inhaled the scent of their lovemaking. As I began licking her slit, I was overcome with lust at the thought of what I was doing. The taste of their combined juices was so unbelievable that I found myself sucking and licking her pussy like a starving man. Julie ran her fingers through my hair, moaning and arching her hips to push herself harder against my face. When I had licked up all their juices I pushed my tongue as deeply as possible into her pussy and wormed it around inside her until she climaxed again.

When she stopped coming, my wife pulled me up between her legs and we shared a long, passionate kiss. I felt her hand reaching down to guide my cock to her hole, and when I entered her it felt as though I was swimming in a vat of warm pudding. "Fuck me!" she pleaded, and I eagerly complied. Lars's cock had made her pussy much looser than usual, but I was so aroused that I didn't give a shit. We fucked for only a few minutes before my dick exploded inside her, and I found myself squirting harder and longer than I ever had before.

Lars never got to use his sleeping bag that night. He lay on Julie's left side, while I lay on her right. Twice during the night I was awakened by the movement of the air mattress as the two of them made love again.

When I walked out of the tent the next morning, the two young guys were fixing their breakfast, and both of them looked at me with knowing smirks on their faces. They had to know that Julie had screwed both of us, because she had been calling out our names as we fucked her. When Julie came out of the tent wearing a tight white T-shirt (with no bra) and shorts, the guys waved at her, and she waved back. Every time I glanced



“She dropped to her knees, then fondled both their dicks simultaneously, while cooing that this was going to be her first gang bang”

they had just graduated from college and were on vacation before starting their new jobs. She also told us that she had invited them to come over and visit that evening, and they had eagerly accepted.

As it turned out, however, Julie couldn't wait that long. Early in the afternoon she spotted the two guys skinny dipping in the lake, and suggested that the three of us join them. Burt and Steve, of course, had no objection whatsoever. As the five of us swam around, Julie deliberately flirted and flaunted her body. Soon she was going further, kissing and fondling each of us in turn, wrapping her arms and legs around our bodies as she rubbed herself against us. At one point, as she embraced me, she whispered in my ear, “Don't worry, honey. I won't fuck them in the water, because I want you to see their cocks inside me. I'm just priming them for later on.”

By late afternoon, I don't know who was more fired up, the guys or my wife. Or maybe me. We all went back to our big tent, still naked, and Julie

led everyone inside. Then she announced she wanted to fuck us all.

Steve and Burt both had nice thick cocks that were six or seven inches long, though neither of them came anywhere close to matching Lars's massive hunk of man meat. Julie obviously appreciated them, however. She dropped onto her knees on the air mattress and motioned them both to come forward. She then fondled both their dicks simultaneously, while cooing that this was going to be her first gang bang. Soon she was going back and forth between the two guys, kissing and sucking their cocks. A couple of minutes later she lay back on the mattress and spread her legs in an open invitation for them to take her.

Steve was the first to accept, moving swiftly into place between her legs. “Christ, I've wanted to do this all day!” he said as he shoved his whole dick inside my wife with one strong thrust that brought a moan from her throat. At that point Burt moved up to her head, and she quickly took his cock in her talented mouth.



From my vantage point I had a perfect view of Steve's cock as it plundered my wife's pussy. He pounded into her like a man possessed, but he only lasted a couple of minutes before he let out a grunt and pushed himself all the way inside her. I saw his balls contract a couple of times as he poured out his sperm. Julie moaned around Burt's dick as her body convulsed as well. Moments later, Burt pulled her head tightly against his crotch and cried out as he shot his load down her throat.

After that it was Lars's turn. Julie rolled onto her hands and knees and wiggled her rump at him like a matador waiving a red cape at a bull. He got behind her and, without even pausing, rammed his entire cock into her cunt. "Oh fuck, I love it!" Julie

cried out as he started pounding her unmercifully. I saw that her labia were once again stretched to the limit. He continued to batter at her jouncing pussy for a good 10 minutes, bringing her to at least two more orgasms as he did so. This time when he came he pulled his dick out of her with a loud sucking sound, and sprayed his jism all over her twisting ass.

After a minute Julie rolled on her back, still gasping for air, and looked directly at Steve and Burt. "Okay," she said, "which of you guys wants to suck my pussy now?" When neither of them answered immediately, she went on, "Well okay, if you don't want to eat me out, then I guess you don't want to fuck me again. But whoever eats my pussy will get to fuck me in their tent until they can't get it up anymore."

The guys looked at each other, and then, not surprisingly, both of them volunteered to eat her. Julie told Steve to go first, and he sucked her pussy until she came. Then Burt took a turn, and made her climax twice more. After that she told them she would happily fuck both of them in their tent after dinner.

We all ate a quick meal, and by seven o'clock Julie was with the two guys in their tent, while Lars and I sat by our picnic table, drinking beer. We could hear their moans of pleasure and, many times, the unmistakable sounds of my wife coming. A couple of times the two of us got up and walked over to their tent to take a peek inside. One time Steve was fucking Julie doggie-style while she sucked Burt's cock. Another time we saw her riding on Burt's dick while Steve fucked her ass. It was a huge turn-on.

At around 10:30 Julie crawled out of their tent and wobbled over to us, still naked and carrying her clothes. She was a sight to see. Her neck and body were covered with love bites. There were dried gobs of come on her face and in her hair, which was matted with perspiration. Her thighs were slick with the guys' come, which was still trickling out of her, and she had the contented look of a well-fucked woman. But if we thought she was satiated, we were wrong. As soon as she reached us, she smiled and said that the guys were done in, so now she wanted to give us a turn.

Inside our tent she fucked me first, and after I shot in her come-filled pussy she rode Lars cowgirl-style until they brought each other off yet again. We finally slept, but she did us both again the next morning. Then we had breakfast, cleaned up the campsite and left, after saying goodbye to Steve and Burt. This time Julie climbed into the back seat of my truck with Lars, and they fucked all the way home.

It was quite a weekend, and things were only beginning.—J.L., Boise, Idaho

Carnalcopia



The heart wants what it wants, but it's often the crotch that gets it

HE WAS SHOCKED WHEN HER HUSBAND SAID, 'ENJOY MY WIFE'

My husband and I were driving back from a business conference we had attended about 300 miles from our home. We had left later than we'd planned, and as it got to be late afternoon we decided to stop at a nice-looking motel-and-restaurant complex for the night. Fortunately I had packed an extra set of clothes for both of us, just in case something like this should come up.



After checking in and finding our room, the first thing we did was to get out of our business clothes and take a shower. As usual, showering together turned us both on, and after drying each other off we proceeded directly to the bed, still naked.

Todd and I have been married for over 16 years, but we still have a very active sex life. Having made love thousands of times, we knew just how to

pleasure each other, how to make it last a long time, and how to bring it to a quick culmination if we were in a hurry. This time we had all the time in the world, so we took it slow, and Todd brought me to orgasm three times before pumping his creamy load into my cunt. We took a short nap, and around seven o'clock we got up and got ready to go out to dinner.

The restaurant downstairs was packed, so rather than wait for a table we elected to eat at the bar. Even so, we were lucky to find two empty stools. Todd sat to my left, and I soon became aware that the stool to my right was occupied by a well dressed and very good-looking young black man. I couldn't help sneaking glances at his handsome profile and manly physique, and finally I thought up some pretext to strike up a conversation with him. The young man turned out to be very friendly. He told me his name was Greg, and that he was a representative for a company selling food handling equipment.

As I had ordered just a salad (watching my weight as usual, a practice that has always paid off) while my ravenous husband chose to have a complete steak dinner, I was finished eating long before he was. I then turned to him and asked if he would mine if I danced with Greg. I love to dance, while Todd can take it or leave it alone. Todd said not at all, and told me to go ahead and enjoy myself. Turning to Greg, I asked him if he would like to dance with me, and he said he would love to.

There was a small crowded dance floor with a three-piece band playing nice mellow music. We danced several numbers, and I soon found myself becoming aroused by being so close to Greg's muscular young body. Unable to help myself, I began pressing my body against his, mashing my firm breasts into his chest as I ground my mound against his growing bulge.





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This evidently surprised the hell out of Greg. He body stiffened and he pulled back from me, looking at me with a kind of shock in his face.

I smiled up at him. "I can't help myself, Greg," I told him. "My pussy is hot and wet because I want to fuck you so much. Would you like to fuck me, Greg? I know I've got about ten years on you, but would you like to fuck an older woman?"

He was still staring. "My God, Jill!" he said huskily. "You're a married woman, and your husband is sitting right over there at the bar! Damn! To answer your question, yes, I'd love to get you alone and fuck the hell out of you, but I don't want to get shot!"

I smiled again. "Don't worry about my husband," I told him. "Just let me take care of him, okay?"

When the music stopped I led a very nervous Greg back to the bar, where I kissed my husband and then whispered to him, "Honey, I would

"I smiled up at him. 'I can't help myself, Greg,' I told him. 'My pussy is hot and wet because I want to fuck you so much. Would you like to fuck me, Greg? Would you like to fuck an older woman?'"

really like to fuck Greg tonight, so if you don't mind I'm going back to his room with him for while, okay?"

I thought Greg was going to faint as Todd looked at him and smiled.

"You're a lucky man, Greg," Todd said. "My wife really enjoys spending time with young black men. You be good to her, and have a good time." He stood up and kissed my cheek, saying, "Don't stay away all night, honey. I'll be waiting for you in our room." Then he shook Greg's hand, saying again,

"Enjoy my wife," before he picked up the check and walked away.

Greg looked stunned. "I can't believe I just saw that!" he exclaimed dazedly. I laughed, and explained to him that Todd and I had agreed soon after we got married never to have any secrets from each other. If one of us wants to screw someone else, he or she was free to do so, and this worked for both of us, as our love was very strong. Then I asked him why we were wasting time sitting here in this bar.

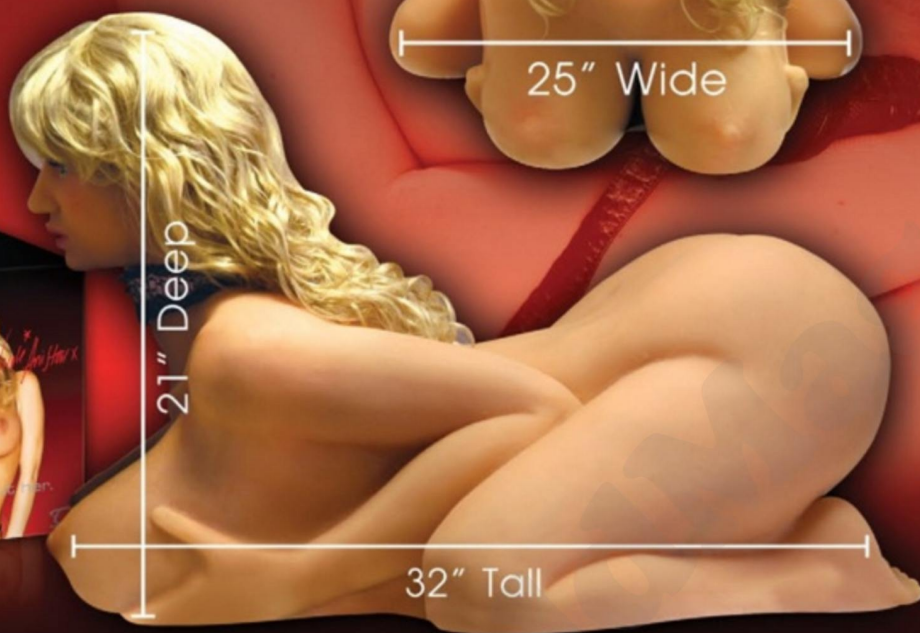
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Greg's room turned out to be on the same floor as ours. He embraced me and kissed me the moment the door was closed, and he had my sundress unzipped before our lips parted. I, for my part, had undone his trousers, which were now pooled around his ankles, allowing me to reach into his boxers and discover a surprisingly large cock that was quickly becoming hard. He unhooked my bra, then brushed both the bra straps and the dress off of my shoulders, leaving me clad in my brief panties.

I stepped out of the dress and kicked off my heels while he finished undressing. I threw back the bed covers and lay on my back across the bed, asking if he would like to remove my panties for me. He dropped to his knees beside the bed and reached for the waistband of my panties, and I raised my butt to make it easier to pull them down. His eyes grew wide as he exposed my clean-shaven pussy, and a second later I felt his hot tongue licking the full length of my dripping cunt.

I'd forgotten that I still had Todd's semen in my vagina from our earlier fuck, but Greg didn't seem to notice. He lapped at my pussy like a starving puppy, but though it was pleasant, he evidently wasn't experienced enough at eating pussy to get me off, so I urged him to fuck me. He stood up then and removed his boxers, showing me an eight-inch cock that made my eyes go wide and brought a small moan of anticipation from my throat.

Greg then lay down beside me and started kissing me passionately. He was a much better kisser than a pussy eater, and his kisses soon had my cunt steaming and flowing like a river. Again I urged him to fuck me, and this time he did so. He mounted me gracefully, aiming his long black serpent at the mouth of my vagina, then sliding slowly into the slippery pink folds between my legs until the full length of his staff was immersed in my cunt.

At this point he paused briefly, saying, "You're one hell of a lot of woman, Jill, wrapped up in such a small package. My girlfriend is much bigger than you, and she can only handle two-thirds of my cock." He then kissed me and began to thrust, slowly at first, then gradually increasing his speed until he was jackhammering the daylights out of me. He brought me to three gut-wrenching orgasms before inundating my inner core with his warm, copious semen.

Greg fucked me twice more after that before finally falling asleep in exhaustion. I got up quietly and put my panties on to catch the generous flow of come oozing from my pussy. Picking up the rest of my clothes, I went to the door and peeked out into the hallway. Seeing no one there, I quickly dashed down to our room, where my husband was waiting for me with a hard cock.

Todd had me on the bed within seconds, pulling my soggy panties off and plunging his cock into some very sloppy leftovers, which he always enjoyed. As he fucked me I told him everything that Greg had done to me with his big dick. This kept him going long enough for me to climax twice more before he added his own load to the ones Greg had left inside me.

After we finished, Todd asked me whatever had made me openly ask him if I could screw Greg as he was sitting right there with us, since in the past I had always preferred to let the guys think I was cheating on my husband. I said I didn't know; I guessed it was just the heat of the moment, and anyway I knew we wouldn't ever see the guy again. Todd smiled at me and said, "Well, it was fun to watch the expression on his face when I calmly told him to go ahead and fuck my wife. We might have to do that again sometime."

And so our relationship keeps growing.—J.O., Troy, New York

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HE WAS INVITED ON A FISHING TRIP AND CAUGHT HIS FRIEND'S WIFE

My wife Barbara and I were taking our annual week-long vacation at our lake-side cabin up north. This would be our third year at the cabin, but this time would be a little different, as I had invited a coworker of mine named Luther to come along.

Luther and I were good friends, and he was crazy about fishing, which is why I knew he would enjoy the trip. He was 26, much younger than Barbara and me, who are both in our 40s. There was also another difference: Luther was a black guy.

The three of us got started early on a Saturday morning, and arrived at the

"'You never know,' he said. 'She might have her secret fantasies too. Besides, I've got nine and a half inches between my legs. She just might enjoy something like that.' I felt my cock hardening"

cabin at two in the afternoon. We spend the rest of the day getting settled in, unpacking and going grocery shopping. Luther and I had plans to be on the lake the next morning. Barbara would be going to church in

town, a good half-hour's drive from our cabin.

Luther and I were on the lake at sunrise. We had to use a rowboat, as motor craft were not allowed. It was nice and quiet, with no wind at all.

While waiting for the fish to bite, we talked about a variety of subjects: work, baseball, whatever, just shooting the bull. Somehow we got onto the subject of sex, and Luther told me how he had gotten into the panties of one of the secretaries at the place where we worked.

The peace of the setting and the frankness of our conversation led me to exchange confidence for confidence, and I found myself telling him that my secret fantasy was to watch another man fuck my wife. Luther seemed very interested in this, and he asked me if I had ever brought up the subject with Barbara. I told him I had hinted about it now and then, but it had never gone anywhere.

Then Luther surprised the hell out of me by saying, "Well, maybe I can help you out with your fantasy." When I just stared at him, he shrugged and said, "Well, we're out here in the middle of nowhere, and nobody would know. And I'd be more than willing to take Barbara to bed."

I wasn't sure he was serious at first, and I tried making light of it. "Yeah, well, I don't think Barbara would be too likely to go for that, you know?"

He shrugged again. "You never know," he said. "She might have her secret fantasies too. Besides, I've got nine and a half inches between my legs. She just might enjoy something like that."

I felt my cock hardening in my pants, and I couldn't help wondering whether what he said was true. I was pretty sure Barbara had never seen a black man's equipment, not even in a porn movie. The thought of watching her fucking Luther's big black dick was making my head swim.

"When do you want to do it?" I blurted out.

"Hell, what's wrong with now?" Luther said. "Fish ain't biting anyway. Barbara should be home from church soon, so why don't we go back and wait for her?"

I was already rowing the boat back to shore before he finished speaking.

Barbara was not back yet when we got to the cabin. Luther sat on the sofa and I in the recliner, which meant that when Barbara returned, the only place for her to sit would be beside Luther. "Now you're sure you want to watch this?" Luther asked me, and I assured him that I did. I still didn't really think he would succeed in getting anyplace with Barbara, but my dick was still hard just thinking about it.

After about 10 minutes we heard the sound of Barbara's car pulling up outside. When she came in she was surprised to see us back so early, and we made up a story we had concocted about the boat springing a leak. She looked dubious, but said nothing.

My wife was all dolled up for church, in a knee-length green pleated skirt, a white short-sleeved blouse and three-inch heels. When she sat down and crossed her bare legs I got a quick flash under her skirt, and saw that she was wearing white panties. Her great-looking legs were her best feature, and always turned me on.

After a few minutes of light conversation, Barbara got to her feet again, saying, "'Well, I think I'll go take these clothes off and get into something more comfortable."

"Need any help?" Luther asked her jokingly.

Barbara just smiled at him and murmured, "No, thank you."

But then, as she started to head for the bedroom, Luther's hand quickly shot out and grasped my wife's wrist. She stopped in surprise, and after holding her that way for a few seconds, he slowly pulled her down to him. Barbara was caught completely off guard as she found herself sitting awkwardly on Luther's lap, her green skirt just above her exposed knees.

The two of them stared into each other's eyes for a moment. And then,

to my surprise as well as hers, Luther was kissing her on the mouth. It was a long hard kiss, and a large part of the surprise came from the fact that there was no sign of objection on Barbara's part. She sat perfectly still, allowing him to kiss her passionately.

Even after he ended the kiss, Barbara seemed either unable or unwilling to move away from him. "Wow," she said, a bit breathlessly. "What was that for?"

"Because I wanted to," was his answer. And then he kissed her again. As before, she showed no resistance, just sitting and letting him kiss her. While I watched.

"You'd better stop, Luther," she told him when he pulled back again. But there was not a lot of conviction in her voice. Nor did she object when he kissed her a third time. But as the kiss went on she did start to put up some semblance of a struggle, twisting a little on his lap and pushing at him rather weakly with her hands. I couldn't believe this. It was obvious that she could have gotten away from him if she'd really wanted to. As though she was putting up this token struggle just for my benefit. My cock was throbbing in my pants.

By the time that kiss ended, my wife was half sitting, half lying across Luther's lap in a very awkward position, one leg hanging off the sofa with her foot on the floor, the other outstretched, pushing against the armrest at the end of the couch. That leg now jackknifed as she continued to twist her body, and her green skirt fell back, exposing most of her bare legs. From where I was sitting I could see a good portion of her panties.

Luther's large black hand now went to Barbara bare knee. She jerked suddenly and straightened out her leg, her skirt falling back to mid-thigh. I watched with great interest as Luther's hand slowly began to move up over the smooth flesh of my wife's leg. She was still pushing at him ineffectually,

licking and cleaning them thoroughly while smiling down at her.

At that point, without a word, Barbara got shakily to her feet and moved towards the bedroom. Luther followed her, pulling off his clothing as he went, and I trailed after him. By the time I got to the bedroom door, Barbara was lying naked on the bed, on her back with her knees raised and her legs spread, while Luther climbed on top of her, his huge stiff dick looking like a telephone pole. He hadn't been lying about his nine and a half inches, and I was sure there was no way he was going to get all of that thing inside my wife.

I was wrong.

It took him a while, but he seemed to be in no hurry. He kissed and caressed my moaning wife all the time he was giving it to her, penetrating her with short leisurely strokes, maybe half an inch at a time, never forcing the pace as her pussy stretched more and more tightly around his impressive girth. In fact, Barbara seemed more impatient that he was, constantly urging him to not to stop, to give her all of him.

This was what I had wanted to see for so long, another man's dick sliding in and out of my wife's pussy. The fact that it was my friend's dick, and that it was huge, and that it was black—not to mention the fact that Barbara was panting and moaning, obviously enjoying the fuck of her life—all of this added to the eroticism of the situation. I could not stop myself from unzipping my fly and pulling out my own dick to stroke it as I watched.

I didn't even try to hide what I was doing when Luther, without breaking the rhythm of his fucking, turned his head to look at me. "This what you wanted to see, buddy?" he asked, grinning at me. "You getting a good look? Hell, if this is how you get your kicks, I'll be happy to screw your sexy wife any time you want."

At that point Barbara screamed out in climax, and the gyrations of her

body caused her to take in the last two inches of Luther's cock. She came again almost immediately, and continued to climax over and over for the next 20 minutes as he fucked her with the full length of his amazing rod.

We didn't get a chance to do much fishing the rest of that week.—C.R.,
San Diego, California

SHE TAUGHT HIM SEXUAL LESSONS THAT HE WOULD NEVER FORGET

I am an exceptionally horny male in my early 50s, currently enjoying a long-term relationship with a lovely, athletic woman about five years younger than me. Sex is our favorite activity, and although I was awkward and somewhat shy in my younger days, I have gradually become more adept at the art of pleasing a woman and responding to her needs.

I love and honor women of all types. My current girlfriend, Bobbie, is smart, honest and deeply intuitive. She is also a petite, hazel-eyed angel, with heavy 38D breasts, full hips, a tight heart-shaped ass and a fondness for sexual experimentation and exploring our fantasies. In the last few years we have grown steadily closer, and our sex life has really taken off—thanks in part to your magazine, which we regularly share and enjoy.

The roots of my sexual development go back quite a spell. About 20 years ago I was fortunate enough to date and eventually live with a broadly skilled, delightfully intelligent African-American woman of about my own age. Her name was Sylvia, and she taught me a great deal about life, and in particular how to have really enjoyable and fulfilling sex.

Sylvia was a sturdy five feet eight, with sparkling eyes, glowing brown skin and a ready smile. Along with her well educated and brilliant mind and easygoing personality, she was blessed with wonderfully sexy curves, shapely legs, a gorgeous ass and the biggest, most sensitive nipples I have

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but now she began to moan softly. His hand soon slid under her skirt, sliding up toward her crotch.

"Stop it, Luther," Barbara panted then, but the way she said it, it sounded as though she was begging him to continue. Or was I just imagining that?

Her skirt was up to her waist now, and Luther's hand had reached its goal. My wife's pussy was getting a good working over as he fingered it through her panties. Barbara was moaning more loudly, and as far as I could tell, her body was now twisting not in resistance but in pleasure. I watched Luther's dark fingers probing and stroking my wife's vagina, which I could see clearly through the thin material of her white panties.

She reacted with a sharp gasp as he moved his hand from her crotch and slid it into the waistband of her panties, going for her hairy pussy. She cried out when he found her clit, and then he had at least one finger inside her, his hand moving steadily as he finger-fucked my panting wife.

Without a pause in the rhythmic movement of his fingers, Luther now brought his other hand to the front of Barbara's blouse and undid the buttons there, exposing her white brassiere. He then pushed the bra up roughly, freeing her luscious tits. He smiled as he lowered his head to one of them and took the nipple into his mouth.

My cock nearly exploded right then and there when I saw that Barbara's hips had now begun to move, slowly but rhythmically, in time with Luther's stroking fingers. She was even arching her back to meet his thrusts. I began surreptitiously rubbing my dick through my pants as I watched.

Then Barbara twisted her head and looked directly into my eyes, "Are you enjoying watching this, Charles?" she panted. "Are you getting off on watching Luther enjoying me?" I didn't say anything. Her eyes stayed on me as



"Barbara twisted her head and looked directly into my eyes. 'Are you enjoying watching this, Charles?' she panted. 'Are you getting off on watching Luther enjoying me?' I didn't say anything"

her hips moved more strongly. "If you want him to stop you better speak up, Charles," she gasped out. "Because if you don't I... I'll... I'm going to..."

Barbara didn't finish her sentence. Instead her body moved harder. She turned her head away from me, looking up at the ceiling, and then closed her eyes. Her legs moved further apart, and I had a full view of Luther's black hand penetrating my wife's pussy. Her stomach muscles began to spasm, and I knew she was close to

coming. Then, as Luther's hand moved faster, a loud moan escaped Barbara's mouth. The moan turned into a shrill shriek, and her body began to jerk wildly. I was now witnessing the sight of my friend bringing my wife to a very strong and intense climax.

Barbara's body continued to spasm long after her orgasm was over, while Luther went on diddling her with his fingers. Finally he pulled them out of her and brought them to his mouth,

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ever encountered. Her areolae were the size of silver dollars, sitting atop shapely 38C breasts. She was the only woman I ever knew who could orgasm just from having her tits massaged and her nipples sucked. She climaxed readily, and liked to come a minimum of six times per session.

Even decades later, the raw sexuality of her delightful pussy is etched vividly in my memory. Underneath a full, triangular bush, her vagina itself was neatly trimmed to reveal her large, thick labia. When she got excited her lips would puff up, and her enormous clit would begin to protrude from its hood, dark at the base but shading to light pink at the tip. Under a gentle finger or tongue massage, her vaginal tunnel would begin to open, showing its hot pink interior, the effect of which was startling against her dark skin. As she became more turned on, her box would juice up, releasing a delicate, musky fragrance. The taste and smell of her excitement used to drive me

wild, and lead to extended bouts of pussy eating. I could never get enough, especially on those occasions when I could make her squirt into my mouth. She had the most delicate, subtle taste of any girl I have ever known, before or since.

Sylvia absolutely loved to fuck and suck, and was extremely skilled at these activities. She felt that a vibrant, passionate sex life was essential to good physical and mental health. Sylvia believed in the importance of cleanliness (in body, if not in mind), and we would always start by brushing our teeth, then taking a shower together or sharing a hot bath. This would relax us and get us in the mood for fun.

One of the first things Sylvia taught me was that the man's job is to bring the woman to orgasm at least two or three times for every climax he reaches. "Ladies first" is a rule I have followed ever since. Bring your woman

healthy and a regular exerciser, I could do this several times in a row before resting. In the entire time we were together, I don't believe I ever came less than three times in a given sex session, and very often more.

I had always enjoyed eating pussy, but Sylvia brought my education in oral sex to new heights. She loved to be licked and nibbled while one or more of my fingers squished in and out of her moist box. As she grew increasingly wet, I would work my tongue up and down each plump pussy lip, occasionally brushing her clit. Then I would thrust my stiffened tongue in and out of her drooling opening. She would reward my efforts by becoming more vocal, moaning and crying out in her pleasure, and eventually orgasming wildly. On a good day her juice would squirt into my mouth and then run down my smiling face. Sometimes I was able to bring her off like this several times in

"She would reward my efforts by becoming more vocal, moaning and crying out in her pleasure, and orgasming wildly. On a good day her juice would squirt into my mouth and run down my face"

to a solid orgasm or two right off the bat, and she will be much more likely to indulge your deepest desires. Using positive stimuli, Sylvia convinced me that, once penetration has been achieved, the man needs to be able to hold out for at least 15 or 20 minutes, while varying the speed of his thrusts, in order to give the woman time to peak. Eventually she got me to the point where I was able to feed her slippery pussy with my cock for a good half hour before losing control and coming inside her. Being young,

succession. It was always worth the effort.

Of course Sylvia also loved to pleasure me in the same way. Even now, she remains the only woman who was ever able to take my large cock deep in her throat. Most of my sex partners have barely been able to work the head into their mouths. After 10 years together, my current girlfriend can take in no more than the glans and an inch or two of shaft—though she keeps working at it. Fortunately, Sylvia had no such limitations. Her favorite way of



giving head was to have me sit with my back against the headboard as she lay on her stomach between my spread legs. She would start slowly and delicately, making lots of eye contact and smiling at me as she worked her tongue around the head of my penis. Little by little, more and more of my thick throbbing rod would disappear between her lips. After some minutes she would finally have almost my entire eight inches inside her eager mouth and would be sucking it slowly and deliberately, using lots of saliva. Pretty soon both of us would be moaning as my spit-covered dick slid in and out of her full lips. She would bring me close to the brink, and then deliberately back off, her head bobbing more slowly while her sucking became gentle, almost teasing. She would do this repeatedly, bringing me to great heights of pleasure and then leaving me throbbing.

Usually she would tease me until the precome was oozing out of me,

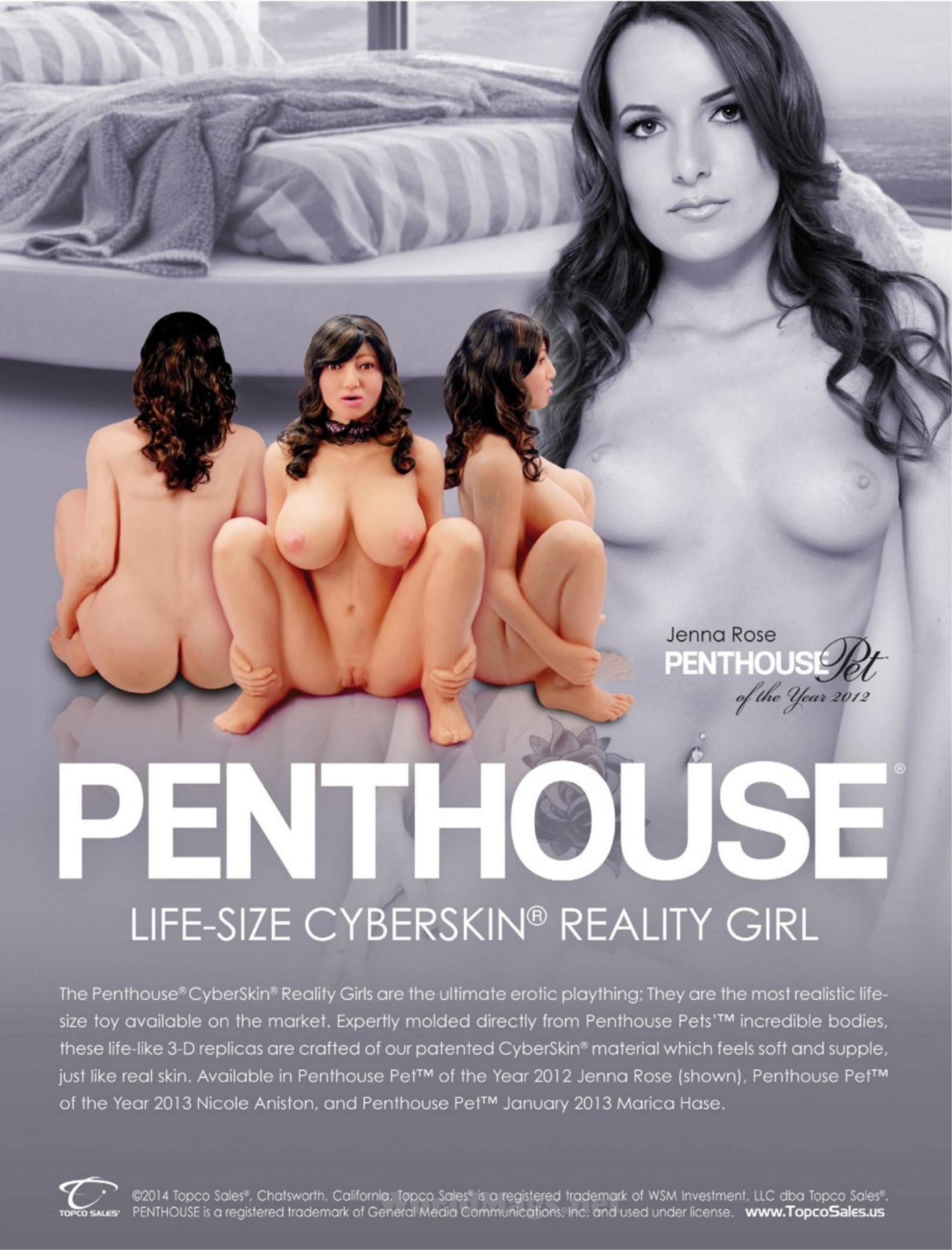
and then switch over to licking my bloated nuts. After taking each ball into her mouth and swirling her tongue around and around, she would then lick my sac until the urge to come was almost unbearable. Sensing this, she would back off and keep me on the brink for a few more minutes. Finally she would take pity on my trembling body and finish me off in her own special way, enveloping just my cockhead with her mouth and swirling her tongue around it in the sexiest manner possible. At that point my release would be incredibly explosive and prolonged. At that age I was able to fill her mouth more than once with my jism, and she would swallow it effortlessly. Often she would pull me out of her mouth before I finished shooting, then take my cock in her hand and move it over her lips, so that the fading pulses of my orgasm would paint her mouth like lipstick.

If she was feeling particularly affectionate, Sylvia would sometimes go

from licking my balls to giving me a saliva-soaked rim job. It happened only occasionally, but the experience was so startling and pleasurable that each time stands out in my memory.

I vividly recall the first time this happened. Sylvia had been away on a business trip for nearly a week, and with great effort I had managed to abstain from masturbation while awaiting her return. Having met her at the airport, I quickly whisked her home. After a long shower, with lots of kissing and intimate caresses, we retired to the bedroom.

It was obvious that Sylvia was feeling as randy as I was. She had me lie on my back, then straddled my head and knelt so that her pussy was directly above my mouth. Her fragrant musk and visibly swollen lips were immense turn-ons. She teased us both for a few minutes by keeping her pussy just out of reach, so that I had to crane my neck and strain my tongue in order to lick her moist slit.



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Carnalcopia

But then she gradually lowered her box onto my face, moving her crotch in slow circles. Soon she was panting loudly, then moaning, until she cried out that she was going to come. Her movement got wilder as my tongue went deeper, and soon she was sliding up and down over my entire face, pressing her honeypot harder against me as she groaned. My nose slipped in and out of her dripping twat, and for a moment I was not sure if I was going to die from suffocation or drowning. But what a way to go!

I brought my tongue up to full speed as she ground her crotch against my face. Then, with a loud scream, she came, her body spasming and convulsing uncontrollably as she ejaculated into my mouth, her fluids tasting sweet and ever so slightly tangy.

After kissing my soaking face, Sylvia immediately moved down between my legs and took my erect organ in her mouth. Her lips encircled the head and she began to suck slowly, her mouth sliding a little further down with each stroke. As the pleasure mounted, my cock was increasingly coated with her saliva, and small droplets were soon running down the shaft, tickling my balls. Gradually my swollen dickhead turned shiny red and then purple as her tongue caressed the ridge on the underside of my glans.

Following about 10 minutes of oral stimulation, I was writhing on the bed and rapidly reaching the point of no return. Then suddenly Sylvia released my rod from her mouth and looked up at me, smiling as she slowly licked her lips. Then she lowered her head again and began to slide her tongue around my scrotum. First, she licked the entire sac gently, coating it with her saliva. Then she proceeded to suck one ball at a time into her mouth. My toes began to curl and I squirmed around, trying desperately not to lose it too soon. I was rapidly losing that battle when Sylvia pulled away and looked at me again, gazing directly into my eyes

for a long moment. Then she dove back into my crotch, pushing my legs up forcefully to expose my ass, and without warning plunged her rigid tongue directly into my anus, spearing it with a series of moist, rapid thrusts.

Immediately afterward she began rimming me, moving her wet tongue in circles around my tingling anal ring. All too quickly my throbbing cock gave a lurch as an enormous bolt of white sperm squirted out, arched about two feet into space and then splattered my face, neck and chest with hot fluid.

Sylvia and I both watched as my spewing cock shot out the rest of its load, the jets diminishing in power until the last dribblets landed around my belly button. Sylvia instantly began licking it all up with the enthusiasm of the sex goddess she was, kissing me deeply several times in the process.

Amazingly, tasting myself on her tongue got me hard again almost immediately, and I fucked her long and hard for over an hour. She fucked me back even harder, screaming out in climax again and again.

We did it many times that night. By the end of our third go-round, thick, white sperm was oozing out of her dilated pussy in a steady stream. Her inner thighs were shiny and wet with it, and white blobs dotted the curly hairs of her thick black bush, while her little moans of contentment filled the air. They were the sweetest sounds I had ever heard, and remain so to this day.

So, guys, be good to your girl. Encourage her to share her desires, and really listen to what gets her hot. Then take the time to do it right, and you will be rewarded. The lessons I learned from Sylvia have benefited both me and all the women I have been with through the years. I will always be grateful to her, and I will never forget her grace and passion.—
F.W., Joplin, Missouri

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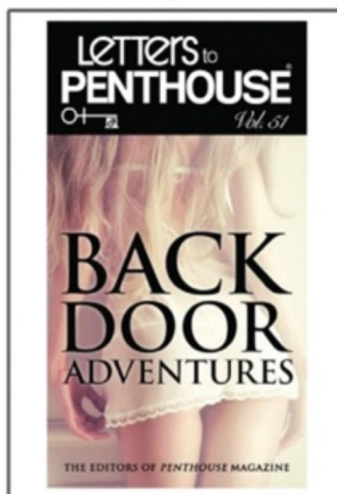
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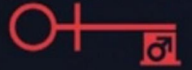


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